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Meeting at Faneuil Hall.

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of five thousand citizens of Boston, called to express their opinion of the recent return of a fugitive from that city; John Quincy Adams in the chair.

Resolved, That the first duty of all governments is to guarantee the personal safety of every individual upon its soil; and that the removal, by fraud or force, of any person, beyond the jurisdiction of the laws, especially with the purpose of preventing inquiry into the rights of such person, by the competent tribunals, is an insult to the dignity of the sovereign power, and a violation of the rights of the government, as of the immediate victim of the outrage.

Resolved, That we recognize nothing in the institutions or laws of any foreign state or nation which can justify or excuse any violation of the smallest right or privilege of the humblest individual within the borders of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and whatever may be the requisition of foreign governments upon persons found within the reach of their legal process, here, at least, shall the equal laws of our venerable Commonwealth be respected as supreme and inviolable.

Resolved, That the spirit of justice and freedom will be dead amongst us, when an injury done to the least individual, shall cease to be felt as a wrong to the whole community.

Resolved, That the late seizing and abducting into slavery, without any pretence of legal authority, of a man found in the exercise of his freedom in the streets of the city of Boston, should be felt as an alarming menace against the personal rights and safety of every citizen.

Resolved, That every person, who by active or tacit co-operation has aided or abetted in kidnapping this individual and carrying him into slavery, deserves the stern reprobation of a community which has solemnly branded the slave trade as equivalent to piracy.

Resolved, That we call on the owners of the bark *Niagara*, who have been charged in the public prints, by Captain Hannum, the immediate abductor of the individual in question, with having aided in and consented to this illegal and shameful act, publicly to disavow all participation in a proceeding so fatal to their character as merchants and as men, or to make all the reparation in their power, by rescuing the individual sufferer from the tortures to which their ship has illegally borne him back, at whatever expense of money and effort to themselves.

Resolved, That this meeting recommend the formation of a committee of vigilance, whose duty it shall be to take all needed measures to secure the protection of the laws to all persons who may hereafter be in danger of abduction from the Commonwealth.

A Vigilance Committee of thirty-four was appointed.

Great enthusiasm prevailed among those assembled, and a number of speeches were made on the occasion. We can only spare room at this time for two of them.

WENDELL PHILLIPS said the resolutions did not go far enough; they did not come up to the tone which should emanate from Faneuil Hall. He was reluctant to obtrude his own opinions, and had therefore very reluctantly come forward to speak this evening. He alluded to his own exertions in the cause of anti-slavery, for the last thirty years, and denied that the anti-slavery feeling of the people—the mass of the people—was as strong as was supposed. It was, he felt, as strong as we sometimes dream it is, such an outrage as that we are considering never could have taken place.

But the law and the Constitution was what he objected to. It was a fact, that if Captain Hannum had only had in his possession a small slip of paper, signed by the owner of the slave, he could have done what he did do, and we should, according to the Constitution and the law, as propounded by the judges, have been obliged to stand by and witness the outrage, without the power to prevent it. He even doubted whether, if the captain should now place himself within reach of the law, the law and the Constitution would not pronounce him free. On a second thought, he almost thought that the captain would be acquitted by public opinion.

Mr. Phillips attributed this outrage to the laws and religious and social institutions by which we are surrounded, and he wanted this meeting to say something more than has said in the resolutions; he wanted the people to do something more than merely to look the slave-hunter out of the State. He alluded to the Declaration of Independence, and asked if, when even the slave-hunter could use the soil of Massachusetts for his hunting-ground, it was not time for another dissolution from the parent country.

The resolutions did not go far enough. The time is come, if it is ever coming, for us to go further than declare we will sustain the law. The Union was nothing to him, compared with the knowledge that as a member of the Union he had contributed to keep a fellow-man in bondage, or do a fellow-man wrong. It was the duty of Massachusetts to tell her sister States that they have put consternation upon the Constitution that its framers never dreamt of. He asked, what is the Constitution—and where is it written? And he answered, it is written on the back of the bill of sale of the first slave you meet in South Carolina. He would have the people come up to the point and say—Law or no Law, Constitution or no Constitution—Humanity shall be paramount. He would send out a voice from Faneuil Hall that should reach every hovel in South Carolina, and say to the slaves, come here and find an asylum of freedom, here, where no talon of the National Eagle shall ever snatch you away.

Rev. THEODORE PARKER said—

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens: There

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 2.—NO. 12.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1816.

WHOLE NO. 64.

was a time once, when your fathers and my fathers lived, when Boston was a small place, and its inhabitants were but a handful, when resolutions passed under these columns would shake the country and affect the world. But now it is unfortunately the case, that anti-slavery resolutions passed in this hall cannot be heard from the North End to the neck. The cause of this is, that when our fathers passed resolutions, every word they contained had a back ground of meaning; now, every body knows that resolutions mean nothing.

When the Whig procession marched through our streets, a hundred thousand strong, their banners meant something, and their symbols meant something. They were the Tariff—Dividends. The Democrats saw them and they trembled, because they felt that the Whigs had a back ground to depend upon. When the Baltimore Convention assembled, its actions meant something—they meant—Destruction of the Tariff—Annexation—War. And the Whigs trembled, because they knew the Democrats had a back ground when they could salt down their words so that they would keep.

The Whigs had their Tariff, and their Dollars, and their Dividends, and they were satisfied. By and by the Democrats got their Annexation, and their War, and they destroyed the Tariff. But when a political party passes anti-slavery resolutions, who is there that trembles? Not the slaveholder, certainly, unless he be, as they say, 'jolly green.'

What shall we do, that will be strong enough on this occasion? It is one such as seldom brings men together to look down on so many countenances all radiant like fire newly lit. He hoped the people would pass these resolutions, and stronger ones, too, if we could get them. These were good enough as far as they went, but we must do something else. We must appoint a committee, forty strong, who shall hold out their hands to every slave in the country, and bid them come here for shelter and protection. The committee should open their houses and open their purses for the aid and assistance of the slave.

Mr. Parker said that the people at the State House who made laws could make them again; but I know and you know, and every body knows, that there is a law of God, written on the heart, that cannot be altered or revoked, that we should do unto another as we would that others should do unto us. When the laws of Massachusetts or the laws of the Union conflict with the laws of God, I would keep God's law in preference, though the heavens should fall. We have officers who tell us that they are sworn to keep the laws of the State and the United States, and we are born citizens, born bound to obey the laws, and amenable to the State in which we live; but every bone of my body and every drop of blood in my system swears to me that I am amenable to and must obey the laws of God.

In the coming elections we must make choice of men who will act—not tongue men; we want men of principle and nerve. Washington is said to be a hot place, and for that reason probably we send our dough-faces there to be baked; but I wish, from my heart, it was a great deal hotter place than it is, for they all come back just as soft dough as they went. Don't trust such men. I solemnly believe that if that long, low, black, piratical schooner we heard of in New York harbor, should come here and leave off at the end of Long wharf, and steal and carry away not one, but ten, aye twenty poor black men, and sell them to perpetual slavery, that neither the Democratic party nor the Whig party, as such, would lift one hand to redress the wrong. I wish this were not true, but all past experience teaches us that it is. I don't believe that one of our large and so-called respectable newspapers would even dare to lift up its voice to denounce the occurrence. I hope you will choose men who can be trusted. Remember that a pound will weigh but a pound, and that if you take a little man and place him conspicuously as high as yonder Bunker Hill Monument, he will be nothing but a little, mean and dirty fellow.

From the British & Foreign A. S. Reporter.

Horrors of the Slave-Trade.

In the slave-trade papers which have been just published we have another illustration of the atrocious slave-traffic, in the deposition of one WILLIAM PAGE, who was compelled, under circumstances which his narrative, to ship himself on board the *Kentucky*, a slave from the Eastern coast of Africa to Brazil.

"Dependent further said, that a majority of the slaves were brought on board during the night, in launches, near the fort of Inhambane. There were about 500 in all that came on board. About a dozen died on the passage, and forty-six men and one woman were hung and shot during the passage; and 440 or about, were landed at Cape Frio. When the slaves came on board they were put down on the slave deck, all in irons. Across the vessel, aft, a bulkhead was run, aft of which, and in the cabin, the women, 150 to 200 in number, were put, and the men and boys forward of the bulkhead. The vessel had not a full cargo. It was intended to have 700, but they could not get them. The negroes slept scattered about the slave-deck, as they chose. They were fed twice a day with beans, farina, rice, and dried beef, all boiled together. And dependent further said, that the next day after the vessel crossed the bar on leaving Inhambane, the negroes rose upon the officers and crew; a majority of the men, all of whom were in irons, got their irons off, broke through the bulkhead in the female's department, and likewise into the fore-cabin. Upon this, the captain armed the crew with cutlasses, and got all the muskets and pistols, and loaded them, and the crew were firing down amongst the slaves for half an hour or more. In the meantime, dependent was mowing the hatches down, and used no musket or pistol; and there was no occasion, as the Brazilian sailors seemed to like the sport. In about half an hour they were subdued, and became quiet

again. The slaves were then brought on deck, eight or ten at a time, and ironed afresh. They were all re-ironed that afternoon, and put below, excepting about seven, who remained on deck. None were killed on this occasion, and but eight or ten more or less wounded. They fired with balls in the pistols and shot in the muskets. Suppose the reason none were killed is, that they had to fire through the grates of the hatches, and the slaves got out of the way as much as they could. On the next day they were brought upon deck two or three dozens at a time, all being well ironed, and tried by Captain Fonseca and officers; and within two or three days afterwards, forty-six men and one woman were hung and shot and thrown overboard. They were ironed or chained two together, and when they were hung a rope was put round their necks, and they were drawn up to the yard-arm clear of the sail. This did not kill them, but only choked or strangled them. They were then shot in the breast, and the bodies thrown overboard. If only one of two that were ironed together was to be hung, a rope was put round his neck and he was drawn up clear of the deck, outside of the bulwarks, and his leg laid across the rail and chopped off, to save the irons and release him from his companion, who, at the same time, lifted up his leg till the other's was chopped off as aforesaid, and he released. The bleeding negro was then drawn up, shot in the breast, and thrown overboard as aforesaid. The legs of about one dozen were chopped off in this way. When the feet fell on deck, they were picked up by the Brazilian crew and thrown overboard, and sometimes at the body, while it still hung living; and all kinds of sport was made of the business. When two that were chained together were both to be hung, they were hung up by their necks, shot, and thrown overboard, irons and all. When one of the women was hung up and shot, the ball did not take effect, and she was thrown overboard living, and was seen to struggle some time in the water before she sunk. And dependent further said, that, after this was over, they brought up and flogged about twenty men and six women. When they were flogged, they were laid flat upon the deck, and their hands tied, and secured to one ring bolt, and their feet to another. They were then whipped by two men at a time—by the one with a stick about two feet long, with five or six strands of raw hide secured to the end of it (the hide was dry and hard, and about two feet long); and by the other with a piece of the hide of a sea-horse; this was a strip about four feet long, from half an inch to an inch wide, as thick as one's finger or thicker, and hard as whalebone, but more flexible. The flogging was very severe. We have officers who tell us that they are sworn to keep the laws of the State and the United States, and we are born citizens, born bound to obey the laws, and amenable to the State in which we live; but every bone of my body and every drop of blood in my system swears to me that I am amenable to and must obey the laws of God.

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From the British & Foreign A. S. Reporter.

Foreign Slave Trade.

In a report presented to the British Parliament showing the activity and extent of the traffic in slaves upon the African coast, are some facts especially worthy the attention of Americans.

The actual export of negroes from all points of the coast appears to be now chiefly carried on under the flag of Brazil and Spain; there can be no question, however, that, indirectly, the flag of other nations continues to be used in aid of the traffic. In respect to that of America, indeed, though possibly not employed so openly as formerly, in consequence of the more effective surveillance of the United States cruisers, still the most effectual assistance is rendered by it to the slave-dealer; not only are vessels built expressly for him at New Orleans and other American ports, but they are frequently brought to the coast, and there transferred to him, the American flag being retained until the slaves are embarked. American vessels are also now regularly chartered by some of the principal slave-dealers for a period, say two years, during which they are bound to go whithersoever they may be sent by the charterers, and to ship such freight as may be procured for them; the only stipulation being, that they are not to be required to take any cargo which will subject them to seizure. In this way goods of all descriptions

suitable for the traffic are taken direct to the slave-factories from the places of manufacture, and also staves, hoops, deals, and other articles necessary for slave equipment, but which may be safely carried by American vessels under the name of "lumber."

The houses of Pedro Blanco, and of Zulueta and Co., are reported to employ American vessels in this manner; but French, Tuscan, and other European bottoms are also concerned extensively in conveying goods for the slave market.

The most successful adventures to the coast of Africa, during 1844, were those accomplished with the assistance of vessels under the American flag.

The plan has been to employ two vessels under charter, sending them to Africa from this place with cargoes adapted for the African market, and also with water and other equipments for the transport of slaves. One of these vessels proceeds to trade at the different African ports, under the directions of the chief supercargo, while the other remains stationary, as a store-ship, at the place where the negroes are collecting for embarkation. This stationary vessel, generally one which has, according to the terms of a former charter, been two or three previous voyages, is then, under the conditions frequently found in such contracts, delivered over to the charterers as their property; when, being prepared for the reception of the slaves, and all the time under an illegal flag, who is crammed with slaves as soon as the opportunity offers and proceeds to her private rendezvous in Brazil. Thither also her consort returns in ballast, with part of the crew of the other vessel on board, and in all probability assists, should occasion require, to decoy the cruisers from the vessel taking the slaves.

COMMUNICATIONS.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

I have been requested to furnish the following letter by several of the true friends of the slave: to this I have no objection, as the sentiments of the writer on the character of the clergy and religionists of the present day accord fully with my own. It will also show the community in what light they are viewed by enlightened christians of other countries. The writer is a Baptist Minister, of perhaps over sixty years of age, and will therefore, be charged with "infidelity."

day school connected with his place of worship, and the pamphlet to which he refers, which I sent him, was the "Brotherhood of Thieves."

J. W. WALKER.

Wolston, England, Sept. 7, 1846.

I received your interesting letter in just one month from the date it bears. The tract I received about 4 days after. Truly "God moves in a mysterious way." The way Jehovah carries on his purposes never enters the human mind, but when his plans are ripe, we look on and wonder, and confess 'tis his hand that has performed it, as like the Egyptian magicians are obliged to confess "This is the finger of God." How mysterious, and yet when matured, how beautiful are all Jehovah's plans! Who ever thought that James W. Walker, the school-boy in Wolston Sunday-school, would have become the preacher of "the glorious Gospel of Christ"—one of the leaders of a considerable section of the church of Christ—the uncompromising advocate of civil and religious liberty, and the formidable antagonist of one of the greatest evils that afflicted or disgraced mankind. And all this in a remote land.—

It is even so that God pours contempt upon the wisdom of the wise, and the world sees that the excellence of the power is of God and not of us. Your statement of the slave-loving, slave-dealing, and slave-holding character of the great majority of the American ministers and churches, makes me sick, nay, almost maddens me; churches of Christ they cannot be; ministers of the Gospel they are not. The one are master-murders, the other factions, banditti of "thieves and robbers." You have renounced them, go on to denounce them; expose them, drag them before the tribunal of conscience, reason and scripture, at all hazards; till their slave-loving souls are either covered with eternal disgrace, or washed from the foul stain, by tears of genuine repentance.

Pharaoh and his Egyptian task-masters were spotless angels, when compared with these; and the Israelitish servitude, perfect liberty. And so forth all this hellish cruelty, and infernal tyranny is to be sanctified by an M. A. or double D. at the end of the name of the perpetrator of the foul deed. I interpret the letters M. A. and D. D. as, "devil dam'd," for such they surely are, and all that remains of humanity in them, is that they are erect, and don't go on all fours. Ah yes, your letter fully explains a case, viz:—Some years ago two of our double D's, Cox & Hony, were sent over to America as a deputation from, and at the cost of the churches, to make inquiries, and if possible to promote a closer union with the American churches, in being fully understood that their influence should be used against the occurred thing; but tell it, if you please, thro' the whole

length and breadth of your land, that neither of these dogs dared to move his tongue upon the subject, except to come home and say that it would have endangered their lives to have attempted it. Another, also, of our glorious race of D. D's. Chalmers says, you abolitionists are too violent in your opposition to these men-stealers, man-slayers; he also thinks that instead of their being excluded from the "evangelical alliance," they ought to have been invited and admonished!!!

And now for this famous "alliance"—this new wonder in the earth—this new composition of jarring elements. Fire and water, earth and air, light and darkness, and all varieties of shades and colors will amalgamate, and compose one beautiful, splendid body of universal attraction and excellence. From this time forth, even forevermore, we are to have the rainbow of one color, and that perfect white. The stars all of one magnitude, and that of the first order,—the seasons all of the same temperature, and that soft and mild, and oh, delightful! the very thought is cheering and enlightening, is it not? Well we shall see; but of all the utopian schemes that ever amused the mind of man, this is surely the weakest. "Alliance!"—"Evangelical Alliance!"! what a unity of terms! "alliance," a proper term for camps, and armies, and soldiers: were I allowed to christen it, I should name it the *Evangelical Humbug*.

Alas! I am sick of alliances. There is the Devil and the Pope, the Church and the State, the Puseyist and Protestant, all intended to gull and then to enslave mankind; and now behold we are to be indulged with another under the specious name of "Evangelical." When the separation of the church and state was named at a public meeting some time ago in Birmingham as an object desirable to be attained, Mr. John Angell James, whom you know, thought proper through the public press to disavow all connection with the proceedings, and to denounce them in strong terms, and now this is the man who takes the lead in this "alliance." I am truly sorry that Mr. Scott, or any other so good a man, should have been beckoned across the Atlantic for such an object. I don't know of one minister or layman in our district who takes the least interest in the movement, very properly, I think, considering that it is established upon false ground, proceeds on wrong principles, and attempts to accomplish impossibilities. Multitudes and power are designed to accomplish what nothing but Christian principle can achieve. However should any good proceed from it I shall rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. I have no doubt but many fine things will be said, and much good feeling produced, and an atmosphere created which will be very sensibly felt so long as parties continue in the climate thus created, but the dimensions of the platform I fear will measure the boundary of the element, and unless we consent to be gagged we shall remain as we were, each one adhering to his own long cherished principles, and vindicating them in his usual way.

Should "The Christian Witness," a monthly publication edited by Dr. Campbell, reach America, as it no doubt does, get the numbers for February and March last, also that for the present month, especially the latter, and you will there see the subject clearly stated, warmly defended by some of its advocates, and I think most righteously and effectually opposed and condemned by Dr. Campbell.

I have some thoughts of sending your letter, together with the leading topics of the Tract to the "Patriot," a London newspaper, for insertion; it may turn the attention of the English to the abomination.

Sept. 1. By this time the Bubble of the "Evangelical Alliance" is broke, of which I have as yet heard no particulars. I shall with this forward you a Coventry newspaper in which you will see a brief notice of the meeting; also an account of "an anti-slavery meeting," an association formed to co-operate with and assist our American Abolitionists in your laudable efforts to put down the monstrous villainy.

I must close this long epistle by assuring you I shall feel most happy to correspond with you, and now and then forward you a newspaper.

We shall never make much progress in England while we have to contend with a church establishment. And now my dear James, I exhort you to "cry aloud and spare not," lift up your voice like a trumpet against that accursed outrage upon the liberties and lives of those who are justly entitled to protection, friendship and affection, from their inhuman butchers; and may the God of all grace hear the voice of the oppressed and make you an instrument to knock off their galling chains.

Be determined to die with the harness on. Yours most sincerely,
GEO. JONES.

Of all remittances to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary affairs of the paper, to be addressed (post paid) to the General Agent. Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors.

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Printed for the Publishing Committee by G. N. HARGOOD.

Milford, N. H. Sept. 24, 1846.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

I believe my promise was to say something further on the dissolution of the union. Strange indeed is that devotion which the people of this country pay to their constitution and union. We might suppose it was framed by Jehovah and Moses in joint committee on Mount Sinai, and written on a third table of stone. Or that it was written on Mount Calvary with the very blood that flowed from the veins of God's immaculate Son. Or that it was some sacred Amulet or talisman, to be preserved at the peril of all humanity.

The constitution—what is it?—A hundred better odes have long since descended to oblivion. The union, a guilty covenant with thieves and adulterers, by the terms of which, some have the same of freedom, on condition that they aid in enslaving others. I never read of so contemptible, despicable, mean, (to say nothing of the wickedness,) as that practiced by the people of the Northern States. The South said to them, we will join you in union, if you will aid us in holding our slaves, and catching our runaways, and then let us be represented in the national councils for three-fifths of them. The North consented to it. All the annals of human weakness and folly, furnish no parallel to such mannaas. Its infernal wickedness too, is nowhere equalled in all the records of depravity. The horrors resulting from it, could never be computed by all the arithmetic of arch-angels.

They tell us the union was formed when the country was weak, and in danger from foreign aggressors. I beg leave to say that it had been far more honorable, and more for the general weal of mankind, had our country shared the fate of Poland, if it must be so, than to purchase exemption from it, at such a price. If the plea is sincere, then were our fathers cowards in the making of the union, and we are slaves in its continuance.

Liberty party says the constitution is anti-slavery. Under it, our country is now at war with Mexico to extend and eternalize the slave system; nor has congress transgressed its powers in making the necessary appropriations. It is nowhere declared that to war for, and in behalf of slavery, shall ever be made. A war for slavery is just as constitutional as any against it. Let Great Britain send an armed fleet to cruise between the Potomac and New Orleans, to intercept the slave vessels of Franklin, Armfield, & Co., and Hope H. Slater, and the constitution provides a remedy. So devoted is its attachment to slavery, that it can at any time, (and would,) plunge us into war with all the nations of Europe in its behalf. All the resources of the nation are pledged to it. And whoever holds an office under it, or appoints another, is bound to fulfill all the terms of the contract, just as the nation understands them. The Mexican war furnishes an ample and signal illustration.

But I am glad others besides ourselves are calculating the value of the union.

The brilliant editor of the Boston Chronicle, Mr. Eliza Wright, an Ohio man, has the following in his paper of to-day:

"It is now ten years since we have thought the union of no value to the North, for its own sake. Southern mail robbery, southern gags, southern principles imposed upon northern presidents, southern repudiation, finished long ago every particle of our respect for our federal government, as an actual government. The Florida and Mexican wars have more than finished it. We do not see what government could be worse for the North."

Mr. Wright is not a disunionist in any sense. Far from it. But he speaks as above, over an extract he makes from the Boston Courier, which he says "he is pleased to see in the leading editorial in yesterday's paper." I give a part of the Courier's article—it is as follows:

"For our own part we see no advantage that the free states derive from the union.—It is easy enough for a man whose property consists in negroes, who never brushes his own coat, and who does not know how to help himself to a draught of water, to tell what the value of the union is to him; and it is wise in him to defer the calculation. 'The value of the union too great to be calculated.' 'Too small, you should have said. Put down your decimal point, place fifty cyphers at the right, multiply them by the same number of cyphers, and the product will give an approximation to the sum required. It is preposterous for northern men to talk of the value of the union. They must make up their mind to be governed by slave-holders, or break up this union which operates so unequally, and has already destroyed every fragment of political equality. If it is talk of the latter, appeal the hearts of our young men, and shatter the nerves of the old ones, let them choose the former, and forever hereafter, hold their peace. There is no alternative, and the sooner you hoist the flag of dissolution, or bend your knees for a negro-driver to straddle your back, and tickle your sides with his whip, the sooner you will cease to

feel the solicitude and responsibility of a Free Man."

Thus speak the Chronotype and Courier of the American Union. The Courier is one of the oldest and most influential Whig papers in New England.

John P. Hale has laid his head in the Delilah lap of Liberty party. His locks, whose shikings was like the nodding of the curls of Jupiter, I greatly fear are shorn off. A political position has small influence with the people and deserves to have small. A great convention here the other day, went through the face of nominating him, for the presidency. Happy will it be for him if he fall not as low as his Cassius M. Clay.

Truly yours, PARKER PILLBURY.

Society of Friends.

The stand taken by the Society of Friends commonly called Hicksites (comprising Ohio Yearly Meeting) at their late Annual gathering, gave evidence to my mind that they are yet alive in the cause of suffering humanity, and that they have not altogether forgotten the great duty devolving upon them as a body, to plead the cause of the poor and oppressed; and of remembering those that are in bonds as bound with them. Only a few years ago, when the subject of slavery was brought up in the Society, it would not bear discussion, and was scarce ever broached, except in reading and answering the queries; and then passed from us as soon as possible. And why was this the case? Simply because a majority of the members of that body had imbibed a selfish notion, thinking that it was best to stand on the side of popularity, rather than on the side of truth; forgetting the old proverb that it is better to be alone than in bad company. This is the stand, the position, that the Society had come to: having cleared ourselves of the mere sinfulness of holding our fellow-men in bondage, too many were willing to settle down at ease, concluding that the work was accomplished. How very far this differs from the doctrine taught by our Savior, when he says, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

What a wide field is here open for the true gospel minister to labor in! But to the injury of the peace, harmony, and welfare of the Society, she in a great measure rejected this opportunity. I rejoice in the hope that there is a better day dawning, and that the Society will yet be redeemed from that state of sin and iniquity, which she has for years been groaning under.

This was the conclusion that I came to at the close of the late Annual Meeting of the Society. I may have formed a wrong opinion, but I trust not.

It is not necessary for me to take up time to narrate the proceedings of that meeting, as the readers of the Bugle have already had a brief account given them. I consider the larger portion of that body to be quite Anti-Slavery, much in advance of what they were a few years ago, when it was thought dangerous to mention abolitionism in the Society. But now they are prepared to publish and send forth to the world Anti-Slavery documents; promulgating the doctrine of a peaceable overthrow of the vile system of slavery—the vilest that ever saw the sun. They are no longer willing that the lighted candle should be placed under a bushel, where nothing but darkness is felt, but desire that it should be placed upon a candlestick, that light and knowledge may abound. This is the true ground for all reformers to stand upon, and I trust that the Society of Friends, as well as many others of the religious denominations, are fast verging to this point. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."

A FRIEND TO ALL THE OPPRESSED.
New Lisbon, O., 10th mo. 14, '46.

FRIENDS EDITORS:

A communication, of which the following is a copy, was sent to Dr. Bailey about the first of September last, with the request that it should be inserted in the Weekly Herald. It was written in reply to an Editorial published in that paper, entitled "Personal Matters," which seemed to me to demand some reply. In this, it appears that Dr. does not agree with me, as he has as yet taken no notice of the communication. Will you please publish it in the Bugle?

J. B.

SALEM, Col. co., Aug. 30, 1846.

DR. BAILEY:

In an editorial in your Weekly, of Aug. 19, you complain that you have been unfairly and unjustly treated by the Ohio American A. S. Society at its last annual meeting, and more recently by the A. S. Bugle of this place. The following resolution adopted at the meeting referred to, you deem highly unjust:

Resolved, That Gamaliel Bailey, Jr., and C. M. Clay, by advocating the protection and defense of General Taylor and the U. S. Army, in their marauding expedition against the Republic of Mexico, and bewailing upon them the highest eulogy, for their singularly successful slaughter of a people whose only offense was their unwavering hostility to Slavery, have forfeited entirely our confidence and respect as friends of the slave, and exhibited a recklessness of principle which identifies them in moral turpitude, with the originators of this foul and dastardly scheme to perpetuate the "peculiar institution" of our country.

I was present when the vote was taken on the above resolution; but having been absent during most of the discussion upon it, and knowing that you had written articles against the war, I was not fully satisfied that the censure cast upon you was just; and for that reason did not vote. Since the time of the meeting I have endeavored fairly and candidly to investigate the matter; and after reading most that you have written concerning the war, and also your defense in the Bugle, and recently in your own paper, have come to the conclusion that the censure cast upon you is in the main just.

The subject of the Mexican war engrossed a large portion of the time and attention of the Annual Meeting, which was the largest and perhaps the most important of the kind

ever held in our state. The meeting seemed unanimous in the sentiment that the war was wholly aggressive on the part of the United States—"a war of conquest, of plunder and rapine, marked by ruffianism, perfidy, and every other feature of national depravation, and waged solely for the detestable and horrid purpose of extending American Slavery throughout the vast territory of Mexico;" and that all who in any way countenance or uphold it are murderers of no ordinary guilt—"covered with the crime of plunder and the shedding of torrents of innocent blood."

This war upon Mexico, then, was regarded by the meeting referred to, as base and brutal on the part of this country. Gen. Taylor and the U. S. Army had gone into Mexico, planted themselves on the banks of the Rio Grande with their cannons pointed at Matamoros, the willing tools of a piratical Government, of which they themselves are a part, to carry on a war of plunder and rapine.—Could the Western A. S. Society do other than look upon them as a band of marauders, engaged in a work which must brand the American arms and name with eternal disgrace and infamy! Could they do less than condemn, in the strongest terms, all who give them any countenance or support in such a contest! You will I believe agree that they could not.

Is it then to be wondered at that a resolution was adopted censuring your course?—You had, it is true, before the time of the annual meeting, written articles in which you denounced the war—branding it as aggressive and infamous on the part of the United States. It seemed, however, that your course had been misunderstood, or misrepresented. Hence you published "A word of explanation," in which you used the following language:

"We have had all confidence from the first in the ability of General Taylor to save himself from defeat. He is on the spot.—He knows his antagonists and their strength, and what force is required to make his army perfectly secure. This force he demanded from Louisiana and Texas."

"If we thought him in danger, and that volunteers from this section were needed to save him, we should certainly postpone the articles we are now writing. Heaven forbid that word or act of ours should have the remotest tendency to jeopard the safety of that noble officer and his brave army."

The above was read twice in the meeting before the adoption of the resolution of censure; and this, together with one or two shorter articles, also publicly read, was considered by the Society as sufficient to justify the course pursued.

The language of the latter part of the resolution, may, perhaps, be too strong. I am not willing to assert, or believe, that your conduct "identifies you with the originators" of the war, if the language be intended to mean that you are as vile and morally degraded as they have shown themselves to be; but I must say that I regard your course as being a violation of moral principle of no small magnitude, and one which should be promptly and decisively condemned by the friends of freedom and humanity.

Your "word of explanation" conveys—as clearly as language can well do so—the impression, that if it were not for your confidence in General Taylor's ability to save himself from defeat, you would favor the sending of volunteers to his relief. Defeat to General Taylor, would be success to the Mexicans, the party which you have all along contended is in the right. Mexico then, as you admit, is fighting for her territory and her rights. Our country, the aggressor in the warfare, is fighting for plunder and slavery. Truth and the right are attempting to bear up against outrage and tyranny, yet you tell us that if you thought justice would triumph in the contest, you would postpone exposing and unmasking the outrage until it was fully secured against defeat! This, it seems to me, is the meaning of your word of explanation.

You say it is false that you advocated the protection and defense of General Taylor in a marauding expedition, believing at that time that he was on Texan territory. Before "that time," however, you declared the war to be strictly aggressive, and represented this country as being infamously in the wrong.—If, therefore, you did not consider the war a marauding expedition in the strict sense of the term, you, at any rate, looked upon it as nothing better. As to your supposition that General Taylor and his army are ignorant of the merits of the controversy, I know not upon what it is based. The General has been too long engaged in fighting the battle of Slavery not to know what he is about; and his "brave army," the intelligent portion of them, are not, I imagine, such fools as you take them for.

You deny, also, that you eulogized the General and army highly, for their successful slaughter of the Mexicans. Will you please inform your readers what kind of language it takes to amount to the "highest eulogy," if that you have used does not! Also on what grounds you spoke of Gen. Taylor as being "noble" and his army brave, if not on account of their conduct in this war! Perhaps they won their laurels in the Florida contest. You may at the time of writing have had before you the statement that "that noble officer" was the first to recommend the importation of the Cuban bloodhounds!

You speak of the Messrs. Donaldsons, Gilmore and Wattles, (whom you represent as being leading members of the Executive Committee of the Western A. S. Society,) as disapproving in decided terms of the resolution, and also of the course of the Bugle. You are in error in calling these persons members of the Executive Committee. No one of them is, or has been for at least a year previous to the annual meeting, if at any time, a member of that committee; though they are, I believe, all of them disunionists. Nor do they so much disapprove of the course of the Society and the Bugle, as would appear from your article. True, they think the language of the resolution does not set forth the case truly, and is unwarrantably severe; but, of the "word of explanation" they say, "we disapprove of it entirely, regret that Dr. ever wrote it, and should rejoice to see him retract it."

You say "it is simple dishonesty, nothing less," for any one to attempt to find in your hastily penned "word of explanation" your position in relation to the war. Let us see. That article did, or it did not contradict an impression which had been made by what you had before said or written on the same subject. If it did contradict such an impression, it must be evident to all, that so far as it did this, it should be taken in preference to that which it was intended to explain. It would have been unfair after your explanation appeared, to infer from anything you had before written, that you were not in favor of protecting General Taylor. If, on the other hand, that article did not contradict any rational construction that could be put upon your other articles, certainly there could be no unfairness in referring to it. That article is the only one in which you spoke directly of protecting and defending the army. Upon that subject it seemed explicit; and if taken in connection with your other articles on the war, though it may make you appear more inconsistent, the whole will not place you in a position any more favorable.

But my communication is becoming too long, I have endeavored to be plain and candid in writing the above, and if I have done you any injustice it is unintentional. Respectfully,
JAMES BARNABY, Jr.

Milton Sutliff's Disclaimer.
I regret that there exists a necessity of again referring to this subject. When I published in the Bugle what I understood him to say, I believed him so free from party influence that he would not object to the publication of anything he gave a public utterance to, but he disclaimed what I imputed to him, which made it necessary for me to show that if I misunderstood him, I was not alone in this misunderstanding.

Upon the assumption that he admitted the evidence produced in the meeting as to the character of the Cleveland American, and I understood him to admit it, (a part of it being documentary), those who have in the Bugle stated what their impressions were, say that upon that assumption they understood him to say what I imputed to him. SAML. BROOKE.

New Line Oct. 4th, 1846;
We the undersigned attended the meeting at Mecca on the 9th of August, and heard Milton Sutliff say in substance, when the course of the Cleveland American was exposed in attacking persons, and closing its columns to a reply—that if the liberty men knew the character of the paper as it had been represented, and continued to support it, he could not endorse their liberty party character—that if liberty party shut out free discussion from its meetings, and their papers, he would abandon the party—that if they could not stand upon free discussion, the quicker they fell the better. He then offered an excuse for some who took the paper—they had paid for it, and it was all they could get for their money. He also said much more on this subject which we cannot recollect with sufficient distinctness to repeat.

LYMAN PECK,
MARSENE MILLER,
HENRY PUTNAM,
SAREPTA BROWN,
MARY ANN DEMING.

I have been called upon by Mr. Brooke, to state my recollections of Milton Sutliff's remarks, at the Mecca meeting in regard to the "Cleveland American."

As I regarded the matter at the time of little importance, I did not treasure up the conversation; and can only give the substance of Mr. Sutliff's remarks on that subject.

Among other things that Mr. Foster charged against liberty party, was that the Cleveland American had been guilty of falsehood and misrepresentation in giving an account of some of their previous meetings, and refusing him an opportunity to reply. Mr. Sutliff denied that liberty party, or those who patronized the paper, were responsible for the conduct of that paper, even admitting what Mr. Foster said of it was true; because they were ignorant of the facts, and many of them he said had paid their money for the paper, and were not able to discontinue and subscribe for other anti-slavery papers, until the time for which they subscribed had expired. Mr. Foster read to the audience the paragraph in his communication, on account of which Mr. Rice had rejected the article; and then asked Mr. Sutliff if liberty party countenanced Mr. Rice in such conduct, by taking his paper, knowing the facts, they would not be responsible! Mr. Sutliff gave an affirmative reply, and remarked that he would leave the party

if it did not countenance free discussion.

E. P. BASSETT.

Rome, Oct. 3d, 1846.

SAMUEL BROOKE, DEAR SIR:

I understood Milton Sutliff to admit liberty party responsible for the course of the Cleveland American, while supporting it with a knowledge of its character.

Also—certain statements made by Mr. Foster in relation to its course with him being true—he would not support the paper, nor belong to a party that would do it.

Respectfully,

HENRY H. HATCH.

"Yankee-bolitionists."

A poor traveller who landed at New Orleans some months since from Holland, and was about to start through this country to solicit means for bringing his family hither, with the statement of the United States Consul at Havre De Grace of misfortunes which had befallen him; before getting far from the great Southern Metropolis, he had his attention attracted to a number of slaves making sugar in the field. He stepped to the roadside, and leaning on the fence, stood pensively watching their movements as something strange in this land of freedom, as it had been represented to him.

Two slave-drivers discovering him, came up and seized him with great fury, threw him down, and tying his hands behind him, exclaimed, as he termed it, "yankee-bolitionist!" "yankee-bolitionist!" which he supposed meant some high misdemeanor, they dragged him some distance, when on begging for mercy and exhibiting his recommendation from the American Consul, he was released.

(This is the first advantage I ever knew to arise from the appointment of slaveholding or pro-slavery consuls.) But the poor man resolved on returning to his native land, and while inquiring for a vessel on which he could work his passage, and asking the meaning of Yankee-bolition, he was informed that at the north he would find a different state of things—men there carried no bowie knives, and tilled their land without slaves. He says in his own country to carry a knife of a warlike description is a penitentiary offence, and that he was afraid of his life while in the south. He is now in this vicinity.

B. B. D.

FARMINGTON October 1 1846.

Benjamin S. Jones and J. Elizabeth Jones as I feel a deep interest in the welfare of all my fellow men I feel bound to do all I can to demolish error which is the greatest enemy of mankind therefore I take the liberty to print out to you what I think your very great error—and give you my reasons for thinking so although I can not at this time refer to half of your monstrous errors but I will mention one you and your coadjutors denounce the M. E. church as a brotherhood of thieves calls them a brotherhood of thieves and they every vile epithet in the catalogue of human aberrations since man fell from his purity in the garden of eden

is this just is this christian is this true if Jesus erist was on earth do you imagine that you would find him ridiculing religion christianity but I will prove that the m. E. church does not support slavery If you take from a compound A supposed ingredient and the compound remains the same then the supposed ingredient is no part of the compound for instance if you find A pin in a candle and you pull the pin out and the candle remains the same then the pin is no part of the candle now if the M. E. church was destroyed intirly slavery would remain the same therefore the M. E. church does not sanction justify or support slavery avoid the conclusion if it is in the power of your literature or ingenuity please give this an insertion in the Bugle at another time I will print out some other of the soulruining errors of the Abby Kellyites

Yours in grate haste

A lover of your souls

[We hope the next time "a lover of your souls" wishes to "print out some of the soulruining errors of the Abby Kellyites," he will not do it in such a manner as to subject us to even two cents postage, for we would far rather have the coppers than the communication.—In regard to the comparison and logic which he uses we would say; now if the M. E. Church was destroyed entirely, christianity would remain the same—therefore the M. E. Church does not sanction, justify, or support christianity. Avoid the conclusion if it is in the power of your literature or ingenuity.—Edna.]

To the Friends of Peace.

A Convention will be held at Marlborough, Stark county, Ohio, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 28th and 29th of October, to take into consideration the subject of the formation of a Western Peace Society.

Large numbers with whom the undersigned has consulted, in reference to this measure, are in favor of the formation of such a Society. We may therefore hope to see the Convention numerously attended. Persons, both East and West, friendly to the formation of a Western Peace Society who are unable to attend, are invited to address the Convention, by way of encouraging the measure. Direct to the undersigned at this place.

SAML. BROOKE.

Salem, Col. co., Oct. 1st, 1846.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, OCTOBER 23, 1846.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

Benj. S. and J. Elizabeth Jones will hold Anti-Slavery Meetings at Unity, Saturday and Sunday the 21st and 25th inst., commencing on Saturday at 2 P. M.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

Edward P. Bassett and C. W. Leffingwell will hold Anti-Slavery meetings at Baltimore, Stark co., on Saturday and Sunday, the 21st and 25th of Oct. Edinburgh, Portage co., the 31st of Oct. and 1st of Nov.

Cuyahoga Falls, Summit co., on Saturday and Sunday, the 7th and 8th of Nov. Shalersville, Portage co., on Saturday and Sunday, the 14th and 15th of Nov.

All of the above meetings will commence at 2 P. M. and at early candle light. Saml. T. Creighton, Henry H. and Leander Hatch, will hold meetings at the following places, all of which will be held in the afternoon and evening, commencing at 2 P. M., except in some cases where they commence at 10 A. M., as will be seen by the following list:

Hammond's Corners, Bath, Summit co., Saturday and Sunday the 21st and 25th—the meeting on Sunday will commence at 10 A. M.

John McClelland's neighborhood, in Granger, Medina co., on Tuesday and Wednesday the 27th and 28th.

Granger Village, Thursday the 29th. Weymouth, Medina co., Saturday and Sunday the 31st, and Nov. 1st—the meeting on Sunday will commence at 10 A. M.

SAML. BROOKE,
General Agent.

Western Anti-Slavery Society---Dr. Bailey---Mock Dignity.

It is exceedingly unpleasant for us to speak of men and parties claiming to be anti-slavery, as we are often obliged to do. And yet it is a duty from which we dare not shrink. Though the admirers of those men, and the supporters of those parties should call us captious, illiberal, and uncharitable; and timid friends should whisper words of caution, yet our duty is the same, and we should be unworthy the name of abolitionists if, we hesitated to perform that which we believed truth demanded at our hands. The simple enforcement and illustration of great principles is far more pleasant to us than personal controversy, and yet the presentation of the former frequently leads to the latter. We may condemn slaveholding in the abstract, and yet to make that condemnation felt, it is often necessary to say "Thou art the man." The Western Society felt such necessity imposed upon it at its last Anniversary; in expressing its sentiments in regard to the Mexican war it was impelled by its sense of duty to name in its resolutions Cassius M. Clay and Dr. Bailey, and to speak of the latter in a manner exceedingly exceptionable to his friends and himself. Dr. Bailey believed that the Society had done him injustice, and in order to place his actions in a favorable light before its members, he asked permission to define his position through the columns of the Bugle. His right to do so was, of course, freely acknowledged, and the favors of our correspondents, some of which had been waiting for insertion a long time, were made to give place to his article, which occupied nearly an entire page of our paper, covering, we presume, more space than all we have said against his war position, this article included. Was not that fair and honorable on our part? And did not Dr. Bailey, in the very fact that he desired their publication as exponents of his position in regard to the war, invite criticism upon them?

In an article written some weeks afterward, in which we commented upon one or two points in his defense, we called the attention of our readers to a statement made therein by himself, that under certain circumstances, he would fight the allies of Mexico, and that all who believed in the right of self-defense, and would not do so, were vile traitors, and ought to be expelled from the country. This sentiment we showed to be mobocratic in its character and tendency. Our position was so palpably true, that not only Disunionists, but others agreed with us: we have now in our mind a prominent Liberty party man and as warm a friend as Dr. Bailey has, who declared the sentiment was mobocratic, and said that it would expel him from the country. Ought doctrine, which would have appeared highly worthy of condemnation if uttered by a pro-slavery Democrat, be passed by without notice because it comes from a Liberty party editor, and that editor Dr. Bailey? We have no such respect for persons, no such reverence for the character of any man as to compel us to silence, and so far as we are concerned, he shall not unrebuked, hold up to public odium as vile traitors, men who accede to the least—as true friends of the slave as himself, and declare they should be expelled from the country. If he did not mean what he said, or if he now repudiates such sentiments, he should not try to shield himself behind his anti-slavery character—explanation or retraction is due from him.

When Dr. Bailey felt himself aggrieved

by the action of the Western Society, he could see no impropriety in occupying five columns of the Bugle in self-defense; but when it is shown that in that very defense he denounces as vile traitors, a portion of the Society of which he complains—for many of them hold the views which he says are traitorous—and says they should be expelled from the country, he barely stoops to notice it, and throwing himself upon his dignity, says:

"We cannot enter the arena with such opponents. Discussion we love—but it is the discussion of important questions, with candid adversaries, for the sake of truth. We shall not stop at this late day, to vindicate the orthodoxy of our abolitionism, or the fidelity of our general course to the cause of Freedom, against any assailants. If our life cannot speak for itself, then have we lived to little purpose, and to words of ours could command a confidence that our acts had failed to secure."

But, should discussion be sought with us at any time, for the sake of the Truth, by Truth-loving, fair-dealing opponents, they shall have it to their hearts' content."

We can scarcely persuade ourselves but what Dr. Bailey knows that the dignity he assumes upon this occasion is mock dignity, and that he designs it to divert the attention of the people from the detestable sentiments to which he gave utterance. It is not an "important question" whether Dr. Bailey is justifiable in denouncing as vile traitors those who would not unite with him in beating back the invading allies of Mexico! It is not an "important question" whether he shall proclaim of unoffending men that such refusal ought to subject them to expulsion from the land of their birth and consequent separation from their families and friends! but it is exceedingly important whether Dr. Bailey shall be known as a supporter or opponent of the Mexican war, so exceedingly important that he thinks it best to ask us to publish five columns upon the question! If the Dr. deceives others, we think he can hardly deceive himself. 'Tis an old way of getting out of a difficulty; and it is much easier to insinuate false charges against an opponent, than to extricate yourself, honorably, from a false and wicked position.

In an editorial article which appeared in the Weekly Herald between two and three months since, entitled "Personal Matters," we think Dr. Bailey did great injustice to the Western Anti-Slavery Society. Soon after its appearance one of its Ex. Com. sent him an article for publication, in which the course of that body was defended. That reply the Dr. has not inserted, which we think he most certainly would have done had he been as anxious to do, as to receive justice. Those who wish to see it, will find it in this week's paper, among the communications.

The course pursued by the conductors of the Democratic Standard and Whig of '76, is no more commendable; they follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor, of the Herald. That paper lately published an article from the Cleveland American, impugning the veracity of Samuel Brooke, and instead of inserting his denial of it as published in the columns of this paper and addressed individually to its editors, it puts in a short notice that "he desires us to contradict it," makes it an opportunity to utter a false charge against the Disunionists, and then says, "We have no controversy with the Bugle, and do not intend to have any."

This, we suppose, is Liberty party fairness. It misrepresents Disunionists, and when called upon to give the other side, declines upon the ground of being opposed to controversy with them. That it is opposed to such controversy is very true, as we can testify with a clear conscience.

THE NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION adjourned on the 6th inst. The proposed constitution prohibits forever the granting of Bank charters; abolishes all feudal tenures in the State except those which have heretofore been legally acquired; declares that no lease for agricultural land shall be given for more than twelve years; secures to married women the property they held before marriage and that acquired afterward by gift or devise from any except their husbands; and leaves the elective franchise as it is in the present constitution.

When it was proposed many years ago in a convention of which Dr. Franklin was a member, that none but property holders should vote, he presented this case. A man has a jackass to-day, and votes; to-morrow the animal dies, and the man's right to a vote dies with it. It is the jackass that votes, and not the man.

The convention proposes that no man who has a colored skin shall be allowed to vote unless he owns several jackasses, or other property to the amount of \$250; and this, we suppose, is modern democracy.

NO CAUSE FOR SURPRISE. The editor of the Cleveland American tries to make himself merry with the idea which we recently advanced, that an increase in the votes of Liberty party, "would by no means be an evidence of an increase of strength." We thought even such a politician as L. L. Rice could assent to this. It seems, however, we were mistaken, though we suspect that he knows that the Liberty party might have pursued a course by which it would have polled many more votes, but at the same time have weakened its power. If numbers give strength, then were the thousand stronger than the one who chased them, and the ten thousand more mighty than the two who put them to flight.

Daring Robbery and Brutal Murder.

A large body of desperate men who have for some time been prowling through a neighboring territory, have recently been guilty of the most audacious villany. Instead of confining themselves to robbery upon the highway and the occasional murder of their victims, as many better men have done, becoming emboldened by success, they concentrated the force of their band, and in broad daylight attacked a city containing several thousand inhabitants! The townspeople, who had received notice of their intention, stood upon the defense, but they and their friends were overpowered, and compelled to surrender the town after a spirited resistance of three days. We learn that the robbers attacked it on the 20th ultimo, and slaughtered indiscriminately all who opposed them; suffering, however, a loss themselves of 300 killed and 200 wounded before they obtained possession. Some of the papers speak of the gallantry displayed by members of the band; we have no admiration to bestow upon acts, which, however brave, only distinguish the actor as a courageous robber or a fearless villain. We are well aware that the conduct of these marauders is winked at by many who lay claim to respectability, and even encouraged by some who would feel indignant to have their honesty and love of justice questioned. This, however, does not change our estimate of the actions, or our opinion of the actors. Murder is no less murder because perpetrated upon Mexicans, and robbery no less robbery because a city is stolen, although that city should be Monterey. And yet Americans are exulting in the capture of that city as though it were not a thing to be ashamed of, as though every victory achieved by the United States in this infamous war were not a millstone weight of guilt to sink yet lower into perdition the nation that is waging it. They talk of "the gallantry of our army," and "the triumph of our troops," seeming to forget that it would be as honorable to acknowledge Captain Kidd as our "noble officer," and his band of freebooters as our "brave army," as to recognize as "ours" the leader in the capture of Monterey and his marauding troops.

At whose hands, think you, will the blood shed on this occasion be required? Who is ready to assume the responsibility for all the wretchedness and woe that will grow out of the act. The broken hearts of pining widows, the desolation of orphaned children and of bereaved parents, the physical suffering upon the battle field, and the soldier's agony of spirit in the hour of dissolution, would present too terrible a picture for any one to look upon, unless he feels that he has washed his hands in innocence, and refused his sanction to the war.

Give us more Names.

We have been requested to give notice through our columns, that the Bugle has been ordered to be sent for six months to the following named persons by their friends, and paid for in advance. This is done with the wish and expectation that after a half year's acquaintance with the paper, they will themselves invite it to become a weekly visitor to their firesides.

Silas Peck, New Berlin, N. Y.; Horace Putnam, Rome, N. Y.; Warren Pomeroy, Auburn, N. Y.; Daniel Chapman, Hillsdale, Mich.; Seneca Call, Enterprise, Ind.; Leonidas Reeves, Lennox, O.; Silas Carter, Clinton, Conn.; W. Bull, Burlington, Conn.; Seraph Warren, Warrenville, Ill.; Gilbert Stephens, Deep River, Conn.; Elder E. Sharp, North Windham, Conn.; Daniel Auger, Chester, Conn.; W. G. Bishop, Springfield, Mich.; R. Rogers, Bethany, N. Y.; John Latimer, Delaware, O.; Elder Dan H. Milner, Charleston, O.; Mother Peck, Bethany, N. Y.; Geo. Demming, Naperville, Ill.; Chas. F. Starkey, Essex, Conn.

GENERAL KEARNEY, in a proclamation addressed to the inhabitants of New Mexico, says:—

"The undersigned, hereby absolves all persons residing within the boundary of New Mexico, from further allegiance to the Republic of Mexico, and hereby claims them as citizens of the United States."

This is a summary and wholesale way of transferring the allegiance of the citizens of New Mexico to the United States. We are sometimes told that a citizen of the latter country cannot by any possibility, throw off the allegiance he owes its government; but we suppose that of Mexico is founded upon different principles, and admits of a transfer by proclamation; by proclamation too, from an invading General, who does not even condescend to ask those most concerned whether they are willing that such transfer should be made. Wonder whether General Kearney's United States government down in New Mexico derives its authority from the consent of the governed? If not, is it a just government?

THE ELECTION.—We have not yet seen sufficient returns to enable us to judge of the result of the election, though we are certain that the Governor elect, whichever of the three candidates it may be, is in principle or position, or both, pro-slavery, and that he designs to swear to support a pro-slavery Constitution, and promise to have enforced, until they are repealed, every single Black law which disgraces the statute book of Ohio and crushes her free (?) negroes to the earth.

The vote for Lewis in this county—says the Village Register—was 109. In 1914 King received 246!

Foreign News.

The intelligence brought by the late Foreign arrivals has had considerable effect upon the prices of bread stuffs in this country. The crop of potatoes in Europe has been almost a total failure, and the people are beginning to look for a substitute as an article of food. The repeal of the Corn Laws permits the introduction of American bread stuffs into the British ports at a comparatively low duty, and Indian corn is becoming, if not a favorite with the people, yet an article of diet with which they are making acquaintance, and will better love when they better know it. Speculators on both sides of the water, are of course exercising their wits, and using their capital and credit, in the hope, that from the necessities of others they will reap a golden harvest.

To Post Masters.

It is made the duty of Post Masters, when a newspaper is not taken from the office, to inform the publishers of the fact, and to give the reason if they know it. Those who fancy they comply with the law by returning a paper without even the post office address of the subscriber written upon it, are much mistaken; and if they would be more exact in the fulfillment of their duties, they would save us much trouble. Subscribers would do well to bear this fact in mind, and when they discontinue a paper, request their post master to write to the publisher and give their reason for stopping it.

National Reformers.

It will be seen that the National Reformers have got out a partial ticket, selecting some of the Liberty candidates, and some of the Independents.—*Cin. Herald.*

They nominated Samuel Lewis for Governor, and of course every National Reform ballot will be counted as a vote for Liberty party, as was the vote of every Independent Democrat in New Hampshire and Maine.—The votes for Liberty party now-a-days require quite an extensive classification—they make up in variety what they lack in number.

JOSEPH MASON, a fugitive slave, has been telling to the people of Salem what he has seen, known and felt of Slavery. He was raised in Va., has been in many of the southern States, and relates his bitter experience whilst held as a captive among American Algerines, and speaks of what then transpired under his notice. Having been brought up in the midst of a system, which prohibits under severe penalties the acquisition of a knowledge of letters, he is, of course, not much versed in the learning of the schools. We have heard, however, that his lectures have effected great good wherever the people have given him a hearing—sympathy has been excited for those who are yet groaning in the great prison house of American bondage.

Contemplated Murder.

The following item of news from the Gulf squadron is copied from the New Orleans Picayune. The tyrannical government established in the navy is somewhat akin to that on the slave plantation. If a slave strikes his master, death is the penalty. If a sailor strikes his officer, the same doom awaits him. This severity may be necessary to the existence of the systems of slavery and war; we suppose it is, and that it cannot be abolished until the causes in which it originates are destroyed. God help the black slaves who till the plantations on the banks of the St. Marys, and the white slaves who crawl on the decks of the St. Marys sloop.

Quite an incident has occurred in the squadron, resulting from the mutinous and insubordinate conduct of a sailor, by the name of Jackson, one of the crew of the U. S. sloop of war St. Marys. The sailor had been guilty of some misdemeanor, and was duly reported to the captain by Lieut. Taylor, and in revenge he knocked the lieutenant down. He was immediately placed under arrest, a court martial held, and, after hearing all the evidence, he was found guilty and sentenced to be hung on the 15th of September. The unfortunate culprit is said to be an extremely intelligent man, and made so touching and eloquent a defense upon his trial that the members of the court were deeply affected, and tears were shed by many persons present. It was thought that the sentence of the court would not be carried into effect on the 15th, but that a reprieve would be granted.

THE "Stay-away-from-the-Polls Party," will have an increased vote this Fall.—Can the Bugle give their number?—*Liberty Advocate.*

Cipher it up yourself, neighbor. To the "niggers, women and children" whom the sworn supporters of the Constitution say shall not vote, add the intelligent, consistent Disunionists who dare not vote, and you have all that we care about counting. The careless stay-at-home Democrat, the indolent don't-care Whig, and the afraid-of-a-rainy-day Liberty party man are not worthy of being enumerated with the others.

WHAT has become of the "Herald of Progression?" We have seen nothing of it since the 4th No. Has its progress been stopped?

An interesting letter from a Baptist minister in England will be found on our first page.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Gov. Barley has appointed Thursday, the 26th of November as Thanksgiving Day for Ohio.

We have received the letters from B. M. C. All right.

Those of our subscribers who are in arrears, and to whom the meetings of the agents of the Western Society are convenient, may forward their dues by any one of the lecturers.

The Kidnapper Captain.

It is sometimes necessary to tear off the mask which wickedness puts on, but we cannot see how any one can depict more truly than he has done himself, the character of Capt. Hannum. He shows himself to be an unprincipled wretch, who from sheer cowardice and lack of humanity became the ready tool and abject slave of the South, willing to crawl in the dust so that he might be permitted to kiss the feet of his tyrant masters.—Read his servile letter, and then pity the white slave and kidnapper captain—James W. HANNUM.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The case of Capt. Hannum.—We have great pleasure in complying with the wishes of Capt. Hannum, of the brig Ottoman, by laying his letter before our readers:

Boston, Sept. 11, 1846.

Editors of the Picayune.—In my own native city, a refugee from the fury of the Abolitionists, I address you on a grave subject, though it has placed me in the midst of many a comical and ludicrous scene.

I cleared at your port on the 9th, and sailed on the 10th of August, in command of the brig Ottoman, for Boston. Seven days out, a mulatto slave was found secreted in the forepeak; I kept a look-out at the mast-head, in the hope of finding some vessel by which to send him back, but unfortunately did not succeed; kept on my way, and arrived off Boston Light at two on the morning of the 7th. Here I placed the runaway on board of a pilot-boat for safe keeping till four A. M. the next day, when I arrived from town according to agreement, and took the darkey in my boat, which contained, besides myself, a trusty friend, a boy of sixteen, and a boatman. Agreeable to arrangements in town, I was to await the bark Niagara, to sail next day for New Orleans. That night an E. S. gale commenced, and next day no Niagara came. Unable to weather it any longer in the lower harbor, I kept her away for Spectacle Island. There, as ill luck would have it, while taking "a drop of consolation," at the hotel, the negro gave me the slip, and with the boat made sail for South Boston Point; post haste we followed in another boat, but he landed about ten minutes ahead. We took after him through corn-fields and over fences, till finally, after a chase of two miles, I secured him just as he reached the bridge. Accusing him of theft, I marched him arm in arm, towards the Point, followed by a crowd of men and boys—a friend came up with a team, when I drove to the Point, and we took to our boats and were off.

The news of the escape and capture spread through the city—\$100 reward was offered for all directions—\$100 reward was offered for the "kidnapper captain and pirate-boat Warren." That night we lay at anchor under Lovell's Island—the easternly breeze continued—we dared not venture farther out. Next morning our case was desperate. Out of water and provisions, I beat down to the outer island in the harbor, (an uninhabited pile of barren rocks,) landed with the darkey and boy, and sent my companions to town for supplies and another boat, while we remained hid in the gullies of the rocks. They returned at night with the "Vision," the fastest sailer in the Bay, and took us off. So holy were they pursued in town, that the only refreshments they were enabled to obtain were gin and crackers, and on these we subsisted during the remainder of the expedition. We now stood for sea, and waited for the Niagara, till 2 P. M. the next day, (the 12th,) when she came out in tow of a steamer. I put him on board as the steamer left, giving Capt. Rea letters explanatory of the whole affair. No sooner had I left the bark than I discovered a steamer making directly for us. Knowing she could chase but one, I steered course opposite to the Niagara, till the steamer came up and ordered me to heave to; for this some time I refused to do, wishing to delay them as long as possible, in order to give the Niagara a chance to get clear. Bayonets glinted in all parts of the boat; darkies were there of every hue, crying out, "Run him down," "Fire into him," &c.—After this was hushed, and I had brought them to terms of civility, I hove to and received on board two officers, who examined the craft; not finding the object of their search, they went on board the steamer and put off for the bark; but they had wasted too much time with me—the Niagara was well out to sea, with a fine breeze. The Abolitionists, after chasing her a few miles, became sea-sick, and commenced casting up their accounts; the balance was in favor of returning home, and back they went, to wreak their vengeance on your humble servant—humble enough, God knows, though elevated to garter life.

Stigmatized as a slave-stealer at the South—branded as a kidnapper at the North—my situation is anything but enviable. The journals here are bitter against me, and accuse me of interested motives. On the contrary, with a hundred dollars reward against me, I have been obliged to spend a like sum in order to re-ship the negro to his master. Mr. John H. Pearson, Esq., a merchant of this city, well known for his integrity, is the owner of the Niagara and Ottoman, and sanctions my proceedings. This is my lengthy story; lay it before your readers, that they may know we are not all Abolitionists, and that the reputation of our beautiful city may not suffer through their disgraceful proceedings. Very respectfully yours, gentlemen, JAMES W. HANNUM, Master brig Ottoman.

Sickness in the Army.

From the many accounts with which the papers are filled, concerning the health of the soldiers in Mexico, we select the following:

SICKNESS AMONG THE VOLUNTEERS.—The New Orleans Delta learns by the late arrivals from the Rio Grande that there were near 600 sick volunteers in the hospitals at Camargo, and they were dying very fast. So many were sick that it required nearly a whole regiment to attend to them. Those whom the Tennesseans left behind seemed to be particularly unfortunate, for they had to call on the Alabamians to attend the living and bury the dead. As fast as these men get up to leave the hospital they are discharged and sent home. In fact, Gen. T. shows a

disposition to discharge all volunteers who are discontent and wish to return to their homes. Though the number of patients in the hospitals at Matamoros is larger than at Camargo, the mortality is greater at the latter place—near 3 to 1. Those who are accustomed to a southern climate when once prostrated by the fever seldom regain their former strength on the Rio Grande; without a change of atmosphere they die off quickly, else become so enfeebled that they are unable to help themselves. A person who has visited the hospitals at the different posts, has said that if one half of the northern and western volunteers who went to the Rio Grande are effective men on the 15th of October, it is more than he looks for.

The N. O. Picayune of Sept. 30th, says: "We have conversed with an officer of the Kentucky volunteers direct from Camargo. He says that it is reasonable to estimate the number of the sick at twenty men to each company of volunteers; that the disease from which they suffer most is diarrhoea, which seems to be the skill of the surgeons; and that there are no fevers prevailing, unless of a very mild type."

RETURN OF MORE VOLUNTEERS.—About two hundred sick volunteers belonging to the 1st regiment of Tennessee troops arrived in this place on Sunday last. We are told that most of them are considerably "worse for wear," while a few of them can hardly be expected to survive long. A great many of them managed to secure conveyances home and left town yesterday. Two or three were from the 2d regiment, whose homes are in East Tennessee. We hope they may all be speedily restored to health.

Many of these volunteers, when they arrive here, stand in need of pecuniary assistance, to enable them to reach their homes. Heretofore this assistance has been liberally afforded by private contribution. But the invalids are now arriving in such numbers as to render it onerous upon a few individuals to furnish to all the assistance that may be needed. Is it not an occasion to call forth some action on the part of the municipal authorities of the place? We should suppose it was.—*Nashville Orthopedian*, Oct. 5.

STORMING OF MONTEREY.

[Abridged from the New Orleans Picayune.] On the 19th, Gen. Taylor arrived before Monterey with a force of about 6,000 men.

After reconnoitering the city at about 1500 or 1600 yards from the Cathedral Fort, during which time he was fired upon from its batteries, his force was encamped at the Walnut Springs, three miles short of the city.

On the 20th, Gen. Worth was ordered with his division to move by a circuitous route to the right, to gain the Saltillo road, beyond the West of the town, and to storm the heights above the Bishop's Palace; which vital point the enemy appears to have been strangely neglected.

Circumstances caused his halt on the night of the 20th, short of the intended position.—On the morning of the 21st inst. he continued his route, and after an encounter with a large body of the enemy's cavalry and infantry, supported by artillery from the heights, he repulsed them with loss, and finally encamped, covering the passage of the Saltillo road.

It was here discovered, that besides the fort at the Bishop's palace, and the occupation of the heights above it, two forts on commanding eminences on the opposite side of the San Juan River, had been fortified and occupied.

These two latter heights were then stormed and carried; the guns of the last fort that was immediately taken by the "Friends of Mental Liberty and Free Inquiry."

On the same morning, the 21st, the first division of regular troops under Gen. Twiggs, and the volunteer division under Gen. Butler were ordered under arms to make a diversion to the left of the town in favor of the important operations of Gen. Worth.

At 8 A. M. on the 21st, the order was given for battery to open on the citadel and town. And immediately after, the first division with the 3d and 4th infantry in advance, under Col. Garland, were ordered to reconnoiter and skirmish with the enemy on the extreme left of the city, and should prospect of success offer, to carry the most advanced battery. A heavy fire from the first battery was immediately opened upon the advance, but the troops soon turned it, entering and engaging with the enemy in the streets from the city, having passed through an incessant cross fire from the citadel and the first and second batteries, and from the infantry who lined the parapets, streets and house tops of the city.

The rear of the first battery was soon turned, and the reverse fire of the troops through the gorge of the works, killed or dislodged the artillery and infantry, and the building occupied by the infantry immediately in its rear.

The first division was followed and supported by the Mississippi, Tennessee and Ohio regiments.

The two former regiments being the first to scale and occupy the fort, the operations of the day stopped.

The Mississippi, Tennessee, and Ohio Regiments though warmly engaged in the streets of the city for some time after the capture of the first battery, and its adjoining defences, were unable, from exhaustion, and the loss they had sustained, to gain more advantage.

A heavy shower of rain also came up to cause a suspension of the hostilities before the close of the day. The 3d, 4th and 1st infantry and the Baltimore battalion remained as the garrison of the captured position under Col. Garland, assisted by the Ridgely batteries.

On the morning of the 22d, Gen. Worth continued his operations, and portions of his division stormed and carried successfully the heights above the Bishop's palace.

On the evening of the 23d Col. Garland and his command were relieved as the garrison of the captured forts, by Gen. Quitman, with the Mississippi and Tennessee regiments and five companies of the Kentucky regiment.

Early on the morning of the 24d, Gen. Quitman from his position discovered that the 2d and 3d forts and defences East of the city had been entirely abandoned by the enemy, who, apprehending another assault on the night of the 23d, had retired from all his defences to the main Palace and its immediate vicinity.

A command of two companies of Mississippi and two of Tennessee troops were then thrown into the streets to reconnoiter, and soon became hotly engaged with the enemy. These were soon supported by Col. Wood's regiment of Texas Rangers, dismounted; by Bragg's light battery and 3d Infantry, who kept upon the enemy's fort a constant and uninterrupted fire from the streets, house-tops,

barriades, &c., &c., in the vicinity of the Palace. The pieces of Bragg's battery were also used with much effect far into the heart of the city.

This engagement lasted the best part of the day. Our troops having driven the scattered parties of the enemy and penetrated quite to the defenses of the main Palace, the advantage thus gained it was not considered necessary to hold, as the enemy had permanently abandoned the city and its defenses, except the main Palace, its immediate vicinity, and the cathedral fort or citadel.

Early in the afternoon of the same day, Gen. Worth assaulted from the Bishop's Palace, west side of the city, and succeeded in driving the enemy and maintaining his position within a short distance of the main Palace on that side of the city, toward evening.

Early on the morning of the 24th, a communication was sent to Gen. Taylor from Gen. Ampudia, under a flag, making an offer of capitulation, to which the former refused to accede, as it asked more than the American Commander would under any consideration grant.

At the same time a demand to surrender was in reply made upon Gen. Ampudia, and at 12 o'clock at noon was the hour at which the acceptance or non-acceptance was to be communicated to the American General.

At 11 A. M. the Mexican General sent, requesting a personal conference with Gen. Taylor, which was granted, the principal officers of rank on either side accompanying their Generals.

After several offers in relation to the capitulation of the city made on either side and refused, at half past 4 P. M. Gen. Taylor arose, and saying he would give Gen. Ampudia one hour to consider, to accept or refuse, left the conference with his officers.

At the expiration of the hour the discharge of the mortars was to be the signal for the commencement of hostilities.

Before the expiration of the hour, however, an officer was sent on the part of Gen. Ampudia, to inform the American General that to avoid the further effusion of blood, the national honor being satisfied by the exertion of the Mexican troops, he had after consultation with his General Officers, decided to capitulate, accepting the offer of the American General.

The terms of capitulation were in effect as follows:—That the Mexican officers should be allowed to march out with their side arms; that the cavalry and infantry be allowed to march out with their arms and accoutrements; that the artillery should be allowed to march out with one battery of 6 pieces and 21 rounds of ammunition; that all other munitions of war and supplies should be turned over to a board of American officers appointed to receive them; that the Mexican Army should be allowed 7 days to evacuate the city; and that the American troops should not occupy it until so ordered; that the Cathedral fort or citadel, should be evacuated at 10 A. M. next day, 25th; the Mexicans then marching out, the American garrison marching in; that the Mexicans should be allowed to salute their flag, when hauled down; that there should be an armistice of eight weeks, during which time neither army should pass a line running from the Rancanada through Linares and San Fernando. This lenient offer of the American General was dictated with the concurrence of his Generals, and by motives of good policy. This consideration was due to the good defense of their city by the Mexican Army.

From the Friend of Man.

FRIEND HITCHMAN: My attention has been directed by a friend to an editorial article in the Anti-Slavery Bugle, of the 25th ult., headed, "Friends of Mental Liberty and Free Inquiry,"—which we feel our duty to notice, as we believe the Bugle has done the Shalersville Convention, and Parker Pillsbury, "great injustice," in the editorial alluded to. They say we have used Mr. Pillsbury's name "without Free Inquiry, or any other inquiry," which is not the case, for we have inquired, and I think we know him to be an honest, firm and independent Free Inquirer, and a friend to Mental Liberty, and not the poor servile, cowardly, cringing slave to the popular religion of the day, like some of the Abolitionists of Salem, ready to bow down before their enemies, the priests, if by so doing they may obtain a few coppers to aid them in support of their party. The editors of the Bugle assert that if we knew Parker Pillsbury, we knew him not to be one of us, as we could not induce him to attend and speak at one of our meetings, while he was in Ohio, and not far distant from our place of meeting. Mr. Pillsbury, it is true, was invited to attend our Convention, and would have done so had it been in his power. So at least he expressed himself to me;—and he also expressed himself favorably to the movement.

I wish our friends of the Anti-Slavery Bugle had it in their power to become more the "Friends of Mental Liberty and Free Inquiry," than what they are at present, and not have to be under the necessity of stooping to the unmanly attack that they have made on those persons who composed the Shalersville Convention. We should like to know who made the editors of the Bugle the keepers of Mr. Pillsbury's conscience, whether he did it himself, or whether they did it "without free inquiry, or any other inquiry to signify." Why not leave Mr. Pillsbury to defend himself, if any injustice has been done him. I cannot conceive the motive which induced the Bugle to make such an unwarranted attack on the friends of Mental Liberty, unless it be to make a little capital for themselves, and to take from off their own shoulders the name of "infidelity," and place it on a more honest body of men. If this course will be any benefit to the Bugle or its editors, they are at perfect liberty to follow it up; but we are of the best men in their party are not afraid of the mad dog cry of "infidelity," but are determined to make that name as respectable, at least, as the name, "dissensionist."

We further remark, for the benefit of the friends of the Bugle, and others, that the meeting of the Friends of Mental Liberty, was free for all to advocate such sentiments as they thought most useful to society. Now if this course is repugnant to the refined feelings of the editors of the Bugle, and not in accordance with the doctrines of Mr. Pillsbury, he does not mean what he has repeatedly said.

One word more in conclusion.—I would remark that if the Friends of Mental Liberty have mistook Parker Pillsbury's sentiments, and done him injustice, no persons would more regret it, or be more ready to make amends for what they have done, than the Shalersville Convention. But believing him

to be opposed to the Christianity of the day, they consider that they have not done him injustice, unless they are advised from Mr. P. himself that he is not opposed to the popular religion of the day, and is not a "Free Inquirer."

A MEMBER OF THE CONVENTION.

EXTRA SCANDALISM.—The Cleveland Herald states that some of the villains in Mercer county, Ohio, who first took the money of Randolph's emancipated slaves, and then drove them from the county, have carried their villainy still further, by prosecuting those who sheltered them; and the justice, acting under the black laws of Ohio, which the Whig Legislature refused to repeal, have decided against the defendants, who will be compelled to test the constitutionality of those laws in the Supreme Court. More work for the Devil, in settling with those pitiful plunderers of a harmless people.—*Spirit of Liberty.*

TEXT.—"I think then, I may safely conclude, and I firmly believe, that American slavery is not only a sin, but especially commanded by God through his Apostles: And here I might close its defence; for what God ordained and Christ sanctifies, shall surely command the respect and toleration of man."—*Gov. Hammond, of S. C.*

Discussion.

At the next meeting of the Salem Progressive Circle, which will be held at Marshall's school room on Monday evening next, the following resolution will be discussed.

Resolved, That no individual can consistently ask for the exercise of power, the rightfulness of which he denies.

The public are invited to attend.

EDUCATIONAL.

H. T. MARSHALL

Respectfully informs her friends that the winter Term of her School will commence on Monday the 19th of Nov. next.

Having furnished her school room with APPARATUS for illustrating the various subjects of Science, an excellent

SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY,

for reference, and seats and desks of the most approved kind, and having engaged the services of two well QUALIFIED ASSISTANTS, she feels willing to ask parents to place their children (male and female) under her care. (Course of Lectures on different scientific subjects will be delivered in connection with the school during the season, which will close in April.

TERMS, Per qr. of 13 weeks.

Reading, Spelling and Writing upon the blackboard. - - - - - 1.50
Pensmanship, Geography & Arithmetic, 2.00
Eng. Grammar, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Physiology, Botany, Algebra, Geometry, &c. - - - - - 3.00
Drawing, Painting, fancy Needle-Work and Map Making. - - - - - 4.00
Salem, Oct. 30th, 1846. 64-11

MR. DENNIS' SEMINARY

FOR YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

The next term of this Institution will commence on Monday the 19th inst., to continue eleven weeks.

TUITION PER TERM AS FOLLOWS:

For Spelling, Reading and Geography, (Primary Department) - - - \$2.00
For Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar and History, (1st Books) - - - 3.00
For Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Botany, Mental Philosophy and Book-keeping. - - - - - 4.00
For Algebra, Geometry, Surveying, Mensuration, Rhetoric, Logic, Government of the United States, Moral Philosophy and Languages, (Latin and Greek) - - - - - 6.00
The above, exclusive of the Languages, 5.00
Extra charges for thorough courses of instruction in Painting, Fancy Needle-work, Linear and Perspective Drawing, &c., as follows:
For Water Colored and Theorem Painting. - - - - - \$3.00
For Silk and Worsted Embroidery, including Cross, Satin, Italian, Tufted and Chenille Stitches. - - - - - 3.00
For German Raised Work. - - - - - 3.00
" Linear and Perspective Drawing, 5.00
" Instruction on the Piano Forte. - - - 10.00
" French. - - - - - 5.00
The instructions in French and Instrumental Music will be given by Mrs. E. Sarnes, whose experience and skill in teaching these branches will be of great advantage to her Pupils. R. B. DENNIS, Principal. OHIO CITY, Oct. 1st, 1846.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL INSTITUTE OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The fall and winter course of lectures commences in this Institution on the first Monday in November next, and continues four months. It is immediately followed by the Spring and Summer session, which also continues four months.

FACULTY:

B. L. HILL, M. D., Anatomy and Operative Surgery. - - - \$10.00
L. E. JONES, M. D., Materia Medica, Therapeutics and Botany. - - - 10.00
JAS. H. OLIVER, M. D., Chemistry and Pharmacy. - - - 10.00
W. BEACH, M. D., Surgery and Clinical Medicine. - - - 10.00
A. H. BALDWIN, M. D., Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children. - - - 10.00
J. R. BUCHANAN, M. D., Physiology, Institutes of Medicine, and Medical Jurisprudence. - - - 10.00
T. V. MORROW, M. D., Pathology and Theory and Practice of Medicine. - - - 10.00
Matriculation fee \$2.00. All payments in advance.

The new College Edifice, now in progress of erection, at the corner of Court and Plum streets, will be ready for the use of the Institute by the commencement of the session.—It will be sufficient to accommodate any class not exceeding four hundred students.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

BOOTS AND SHOES. (Eastern and Western.) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at TRESCOTTS, Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

POETRY.

From the Glasgow Argus.

THE SONG OF THE GALLOWES.

OR BLOOD FOR BLOOD.

See an execution and you reap a crop of murders.

One joyous summer morn, the crowd
Rolled onward like a tide
That hurries by with headlong will,
Along some river's side;
And, 'mong the human streams of life,
E'en children I espied!

For, lo! upon this sunny morn,
A fellow man must die!
A mad, despairing, pined wretch,
Will stand on scaffold high,
And in a moment, plunge from Earth
Into Eternity!

Christ have mercy on his soul!
For his brother-men have none!
They have brought him to be strangled,
In the light of rising sun!
A few convulsed, sharp pangs, and then
His sands of life are run.

Now the bell begins to toll—
Christ have mercy on his soul!

Perchance he had no parent
His infant feet to guide—
No sister, friend, or brother,
In tender love to chide;
But was from his first birth-day
On the hard world hurled wide!

Now the bell begins to toll—
Christ have mercy on his soul!

And can ye marvel, statesmen,
That he should go astray,
Whose steps were never taught to walk
In virtue's peaceful way?
But like all plundering tyrants,
Ye rob—and then ye slay!

Ye statesmen, drunk with arrogance—
Ye nobles, gorged with gold—
Ye demagogues and patriots,
Unfeeling, heartless, cold—
What criminals would ye stand forth,
Were all your lives unrolled!

Had ye provided knowledge,
To keep his heart from crime,
Or taught him simple Gospel truths,
In childhood's plastic time,
He had not perished blindly
In manhood's darkened prime!

Ye kept him from his Savior,
Nor suffered him to go,
Where he might learn the patience
Of that meek "Man of Woe";
But, from the first, ye taught him
To answer slow with blow!

Nor is it less a murder,
To take his wretched life,
Than when he slew his victim
Amid the maddening strife
Of ungodly passions raving,
With frightful passions rife!

But ye, in calm, cold malice,
And gaze of legal hate,
Do, with a draught of legal life,
Your thirst for vengeance quate;
While he, poor maniac, did his crime
With rage infuriate.

Before ten thousand people
To wring a human neck,
And on the burning stake of hell,
A darkened spirit wreck—
This is a glorious trophy,
A Christian's brow to deck!

Each violence, like a dragon's tooth,
Sows thick this world with crime;
The vengeance Law inflicts to-day
Will raise up, in due time,
A plentiful crop of murders
From this one murder's slime.

Now the bell begins to toll—
Christ have mercy on his soul!

The following poem, from the Rochester
American, is the production of a young
gentleman of this city. It is the best thing
referring to the subject of the Indian race,
that we have seen since the appearance of Mrs.
Sigourney's "Indian Names."—*Cin. Gaz.*

A Lament for the Ancient People.

Sad are fair Muskingum's waters,
Sadly blue Mahoning raves,
Tuscarawa's plains are lonely,
Lonely are Hocking's waves.

From where headlong Cuyahoga
Thunders down its rocky way,
And the billows of blue Erie,
Whiten in Sandusky's bay,

Unto where Potomac rushes,
Arrow from the mountain side,
And Kanawha's gloomy waters
Mingle with the Ohio's tide;

From the valley of Seneca,
And the Huron sisters three,
To the foaming Susquehanna,
And the Teeping Genesee,

Over hill and plain and valley—
Over river, lake and bay—
On the water—in the forest,
Roamed and reigned the Seneca.

But sad are fair Muskingum's waters,
Sadly blue Mahoning raves;
Tuscarawa's plains are lonely,
Lonely are Hocking's waves.

By Kanawha dwells the stranger,
Cuyahoga feels the chain,
Stranger ships yae Erie's billows,
Stranger's plow Soloto's plain.

And the Iroquois have wasted,
From the hill and plain away;
On the water—in the forest,
Reigns no more the Seneca.

Only by the Catarangus,
Or by Lake Champlain's side,
Or among the sandy woodlands,
By the Allegheny's tide.

W. J. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Appeal of a Wife and Mother.

Twenty-seven years ago I was not what I am now. My eye was then bright; my cheek was the picture of health; and my heart was light and blithe. I was then a stranger to care. I had then never experienced one pang of disappointment arising from hope deferred. The world was to me full of promise; and my imagination looked forward to many future years of calm and tranquil happiness.

Twenty-seven years ago! How often does memory carry me back to that green sunny spot in my existence. Twenty-seven years ago! There is a meaning in this word which brings to my mind a full recollection of that sweet and delightful period. Well do I remember the delicacy with which I was reared; the unwearied pains taken by my indulgent father, to give me an education answerable to my birth and prospects. And well do I remember my numerous sisters—my happy bride—my splendid dress—and my brilliant wedding—when I gave my hand and my heart to him who is now my husband.

I was then a delighted, happy wife. My husband was one of the most promising and intelligent young men in the village. He was to me so kind and attentive—so full of affection and tenderness. I loved him then I love him still, and I trust shall love him until I die. Our prospects then were the most encouraging. Well do I remember the beautiful mansion which my father gave me, and the splendid furniture with which it was stored. The costly sideboard, with the glittering vases and glasses which covered it, and the elegant decanters, sparkling so brightly with the choicest wines contained in them. Oh! that wine, that wine! how like the serpent it stole into the Eden of our bliss, and stamped a curse upon me and mine, unutterable and indescribable. But I was then young and thoughtless. I poured out the wine for my young companions as they called upon me. I laughingly urged those who were temperate, to drink only one glass—like a fool, I was sporting with the very temptation, the most fatal to the peace and happiness of families. Experience, bitter, and experience, has taught me this; and the agony of heart and the tears of anguish I have shed for this, my youthful folly, can only be seen at the judgment.

One year after my marriage, I gave birth to my first-born, a fair and beautiful boy. Oh! how many hours of happiness, pure and unalloyed, have I spent in sporting with and nursing that young immortal. How fondly my heart was attached to that child; and yet how little did I then feel for his true interest; how little gratitude did I feel to my Maker, for his goodness towards me; and how little did I feel my obligation to teach my son in his early and tender years, his duty to God! I was then blinded with my sin; I had experienced and enjoyed too many mercies to feel grateful for them; and it was only when misfortune came and laid its iron hands upon me, that I was led by the infinite love and mercy of God to think of my obligations and duties.

Well, time rolled on. Another, and another, and another, were added to my family, and nine years after my marriage, I was the mother of five children, all of them boys. My husband had, by his attention to business, secured a handsome fortune; and our worldly prospects were most encouraging. He was to me still kindly affectionate—all that a husband should be. I was still a happy wife, and a gratified, delighted mother; no cloud seemed resting over me. But why need I dwell upon this fair side of the picture any longer? My tale is a tale of woe, of blighted and crushed hopes and expectations—and my appeal is the most painful effort of a wife's and mother's heart. Yet hear me—hear me through, ye run-selling gentry. Ye are they who make sport of the happiness and peace of the domestic circle; ye are they who, for the sake of gain, are ready to destroy both body and soul; ye are they who are scattering flowers over hell, and smoothing the pathway of many a wretched wanderer towards it with your stimulating drinks. Do I talk too high? Oh! I read a little further, and see how true your number has produced in my family; and then say, if you can, that I have no reason for my severity.

I well remember one bitter cold night in December, that I sat up long after my usual hour, waiting for my husband to return from his business. This was the first time he ever stayed out so late as to alarm me. There I sat in my chair, all alone, anxiously awaiting the sound of every footstep upon the pavement. One, two, three o'clock was sounded in my ears by the faithful monitor before me. Still he came not; tired and cold, I hid myself down upon my pillow, not to sleep, but to wet it with my tears. My heart was oppressed with a certain feeling that all was not right with my husband. About four o'clock, I heard several light footsteps upon the pavement, and strange loud voices as if engaged in angry debate. The crowd stopped at my door, and I heard my husband's voice demanding admission. I descended to the door and opened it. He looked at me sternly for a moment, but observing my pale countenance, still wet with tears, he changed color, stammered out an apology for keeping me up so late, and ascended to our chamber. Before retiring to bed, however, he went to the sideboard to drink a glass of wine. The decanters were empty; he opened the sideboard and looked for the jug containing the brandy. This was empty also. This surprised me; I knew they had both been filled a few days before. My eyes were now opened, and the astounding fact that my husband had become a drunkard, and had just returned from a drunken revel, burst upon me. I covered my face with my hands, and burying them deep in the pillow, I tried to shut out the frightful idea. Oh! God! what an hour of agony! of deep, unutterable agony was that! the husband of my bosom—the beloved of my heart—the father of my children; prostituting his intellect, and debasing his character by intemperance. Could it be?

He arose the next morning long after his usual hour. Breakfast had been delayed for him; and the eldest children whispered to me as he entered the room, as though they were shocked at his altered appearance. Before he sat down to the table, one of the boys was sent to a certain run-selling professor in our neighborhood after some brandy. I knew he had always drunk a glass before breakfast, but it never had attracted my attention particularly before. I now determined to remonstrate with him, gently, but

firmly, and induce him by a moral influence to abandon so pernicious a habit.

As soon as the breakfast table was cleared, I entered the parlor and desired him to follow me. He entered with a cheerfulness which gladdened me, and closing the door, seated himself beside me upon the sofa. I took his hand gently between mine, and looking him up in the face, with a much tenderer voice than I could assume, I began to speak of our first acquaintance—of our early love—of our marriage, and the bright prospects which were then opened before us. I spoke of our present standing and influence in society—of the high respect with which we were treated by all; and then I brought the question home to his heart, whether he was not fearful that all these fine prospects might be ruined, if he continued to indulge his appetite for ardent spirits. He listened to me attentively, and smilingly answered, when I had finished, "that glass of wine or brandy could do him no harm. He was not afraid of becoming a slave to the habit; he could break off when it hurt him, for he understood his own interest too well ever to become a toper."

This was eighteen years ago. No Temperance Societies had then been formed; and public opinion was not so much enlightened as it is now. I knew it was fashionable to keep all kinds of ardent spirits in the house—to treat every caller; and our standing in society was such that our house was often thronged with visitors. I knew we should be derided if we banished liquors from the house; and yet so thoroughly was I convinced that my husband was a ruined man, that I determined to make the attempt. I proposed it to him; he looked at me with surprise. "No! No!" he exclaimed, "that shall never be; our less wealthy neighbors all do it, and so must we; I cannot, and will not consent to that. One glass of wine cannot do any one any possible hurt. I shall drink one whenever I want to."

I agree with you, my dear husband, that one glass of wine can do no harm. It is not of ox glass I complain. I have noticed, of late, that you drink many in the course of a day. The habit has grown upon you with fearful rapidity, and I fear—a tear started—I do fear the consequences.

"Pah! Pah! nonsense," he replied, good naturedly, "it is all imagination." "Imagination or not, my dear husband, it has affected me as much as though it was a painful reality. It was but yesterday, I saw our two eldest boys around the sideboard, looking wistfully at the wine; and, will you believe it, our little Will got hold of some, and had to go to bed before four o'clock, so tipsy he could not stand."

"The sideboard must then be locked," coldly rejoined my husband; "it will not do to be so unfashionable as to turn our liquor out of doors. Our parlor keeps it—and so do our decanters—and so do our professors of religion; and surely if such men as these think there is no harm in it, we may safely allow it to remain."

What could I say? Alas! it was too true that our parlor kept it; and often have I, when I visited his house, accepted a glass of wine or some other stimulating drink. Our parlor also, used to drink it before his breakfast, and before he went into his pulpit on the Sabbath. One of our deacons also kept it for sale; and several members of the church had their drunkard manufacturers in full operation. Alas, I did not then dare question the piety of these men; and after my husband had quoted such high authority, I felt constrained to be silent.

A few more weeks rolled away, before my husband again stayed out after his usual hour. When he came home this time, he was considerably intoxicated. He pushed me roughly aside, as he entered the house, unmindful of my fast falling tears. My nights and days became now embittered with a certain fearful looking for sorrow. My cheek became pale, and mine eyes red with weeping.

For about five years after this, my husband frequently came home intoxicated. In vain I reasoned and remonstrated. I treated him with all the tenderness of which I was capable—did all that I could to anticipate his wants and make his fireside cheerful and agreeable, yet, for all that, I was frequently repaid with harsh and brutal abuse. When sober, kindly affectionate, and he would make me proud to have him for a friend. He seemed deeply conscious of the injury he had done me. Still the enemy was allowed a fortress on our sideboard, and still my husband thought there could be no harm in occasionally dallying with him. Alas! the habit was fixed—deeply, fearfully fixed. He had become a slave to his passion. He could no longer resist the temptation. The net was thrown—the victim had been caught; and all the prayers, and agonizing supplications of a wife; and all the tears of five shamed and wretched children, could not set the captive free.

Two more years passed away, of deep and indescribable wretchedness. Every thing went wrong. My children, who at first were shocked at their father's disgrace, now, in turn, began to curse him. His business was neglected, and the first filiation that I received of the bad state of his affairs, was an execution levied by one of our run-selling professors upon his store. I immediately gave a mortgage on my house to release my husband's effects in trade. He promised amendment—I believed him, and placed in his hands all the property which my deceased father had settled upon me. This, however, was soon sacrificed, like the rest; and sixteen years after my marriage, I found myself a wretched outcast upon the world, with no place that I could call my own, in which to lay my head.

Well do I remember a bitter cold morning, in January, 1833, my husband had been absent all night, and was seated before a cheerful fire, in our large south-east parlor. I was thinking over the days that were past, and my imagination was busy amidst joyous scenes of my youth. I had forgotten that my eye had lost its lustre, that my cheek was colorless, and that I had experienced so many years of sorrow. I was thinking of my father and mother, now dead and gone—and how tenderly they loved me—of the companions of my youth; and my happy bridal hour. At this moment I was aroused by a loud and violent knocking at the door. A group of men entered, amongst whom I looked in vain for my husband. They had come, they said, on an unpleasant business. My husband was a bankrupt, and they had come to attach his property.

I gave up my splendid mansion, and all its costly furniture, without a murmur. I followed my husband to a rude built and low thatched cottage down to the edge of the shore. Even here I could have been happy. But, other woes and other sorrows still awaited me. I was here destined to see two of my boys become the victims of intemperance and to follow the other three to their long and silent abode. Would that I had buried them in infancy.

I well remember a cold stormy and dreary eve, in the winter of 1831. Two of my boys had been off that day fishing; the two eldest had accompanied their father to the town; and I sat at home, over the nearly expiring embers, endeavoring to prepare something for my youngest son, who was stretched upon the low bed beside me, nearly gone with the scarlet fever. My tears fell fast as his low moaning voice reached my ear; I rose to assist him, but I noticed a mortal paleness had come over his face. I staggered towards the bed. One gasp for breath, and then it was all over with him for ever. How long I lay insensible, I know not, but when I revived, I found myself in another apartment. The candle burnt feebly in its socket. The fire was entirely extinguished, and beside me, in the habiliments of the grave, stretched upon a plank across two chairs, lay my son—now a cold and silent corpse. I arose and entered the other room; neither my husband nor my boys had returned. The storm howled wildly without—the rain beat violently against the window, and there I was, alone in that dreary cottage, at the late hour of midnight, with the corpse of my darling boy. Some neighbors had accidentally entered whilst I was insensible, and laid him out for his long resting place. A few trifling articles of wood they also kindly left me and some provisions.

An hour elapsed ere I heard any sound without, save the storm. Voices were then heard approaching the cottage, and in a few moments my husband and two eldest sons stood before me dripping with rain, and shall I write it, all of them heavily intoxicated. I cannot; oh! I cannot describe the terrors of that fatal night; the harsh abuse of my husband; the heartless contempt and neglect of my boys, whom I had loved with all a mother's kindness. "Where is your nursing Sam?" demanded my husband, casting an eye towards the bed. I handed him the lamp, and pointed to the other room. He took it, and staggered towards the door. Upon opening it, the pale insensate corpse of his son met his eye. With an exclamation of terror he sank upon the floor. The boys hastened to help him. They stood a moment to contemplate the emaciated countenance of their brother, and then burst forth into a wild and childish sob of grief. Intoxicated though they were, their hearts had not yet closed over a very generous feeling.

But the morning brought new horrors. Oh! how can I write it and yet my heart has become so burdened with grief, that I feel I must give vent to a tale of woe. The best in which my two sons went a fishing, was found upset a few rods below the house, and both of them were drowned beside it, while their fishing tackle lay in their hands. What a scene for a mother! I arrived in one short night of three children; and these three the dearest to her soul. My poor heart, which had hitherto borne up under all the accumulating ills with which I was afflicted, now gave way. No more, no more escaped me; but a low brooding melancholy settled upon my mind. Days and weeks passed away. I was insensible alike to hardness and to pity. Even the iron-hearted, run-selling Christian, who came to see me, appeared touched with my situation; and was heard to declare, that if he was not commanded to leave after his family, he would never sell any more rum to my husband.

I said before, days and weeks passed away, and still I needed not the scenes which were transpiring around me. When I awoke in another dwelling, much more comfortable, and my husband seated beside me, anxiously regarding me. He had been so shocked at the death of our children, all of which had arisen from his beastly thirst for rum, that he swore he would never take a glass again. During the six weeks of my sickness, he had religiously kept his word. Several of his former friends had heard of his reform, and had come forward to assist him. They procured him a situation in a large establishment in the village; and we had removed from the thatched cottage down by the river side, to a small and neat dwelling, nearly opposite my former residence.

I well remember the smile that played over my husband's fine features as I looked from that living death. It was like the smile which I had often seen in my young days of innocence and hope. Oh! what a cheerful sensation it sent to my heart. It atoned at once for the errors and abuse of years, and I arose from my bed with a lightness of step to which I was a stranger. My husband flung his arms around me—I will drink no more rum, my dear Mary," he observed; "I will treat you better than I ever did before. I have been a harsh and unfeeling monster to you; yet now I intend to reform." "Amen," I responded with my whole heart.

I was standing, the first morning after my recovery, looking out of the front window, regarding the splendid mansion before me, into which I had once entered with all the gaiety of a happy bride; and out of which I had been driven by a deadlier curse than that which sent our first parents from Paradise. Our run selling professor was standing in the door. My heart ached at the sight of him. I knew him to be the man, who, under the plea of friendship for my husband, had allured him to his store, and had been the chief cause in consummating his ruin. I knew that my husband had spent whole nights at his store, surrounded with a number of worthless associates. I knew that my oldest boys had been brought under this man's influence; and I then turned aside from the sight of him, pained and affected even to tears. Now my eyes were open to that man's real character. I could no longer discover in him any trait of Christian gentleness or love. And yet he would sit at the communion table. He made a loud profession of his zeal in the cause of Christ. He would exhort the longest and loudest in meetings, and with his hands still covered with the poison which was sending death and desolation around him, he would lift them up in holy prayer to God! What consummate hypocrisy!

Six months rolled rapidly away, during which time my husband still continued drinking, time my husband still continued drinking, time my husband still continued drinking. My two sons had procured excellent situations on board of one of our merchant ships; and were already many thousand miles off at sea, on a long and distant voyage. My mind had become sobered with many long years acquaintance with grief, and although I found considerable comfort from the consciousness that I

had always done my duty to my husband and family, still there were hours in which I experienced deep and uncontrollable agony of heart. I had my fears of the strength of my husband's mind to resist temptation. Like the wave tossed, worried and troubled by the wind, I had ventured my all upon the strength of an almost fouled bark; and if this failed me, I knew that my earthly career would be short and sad; yet I studiously concealed all my fears from my husband. I met him with a smile whenever he came home, and tasked all my powers to render his fireside happy. He treated me with the utmost affection, as if to atone for his many cruel neglects; and his smile was as winning, and the tone of his voice as gentle, as they appeared in the day of our early love.

But oh! another cloud—dense, dark and dreadful, came over our peaceful fireside. Well do I remember the night. Oh, yes! it is stamped with a fearful force upon my memory forever. It was a cold and windy Saturday night, November, 1835. The shutters were closed and a good fire was burning up on the hearth; and I was seated beside it, with my work in hand, awaiting the return of my husband. He had gone to our run-selling Christian's store, against my advice, to buy a few groceries for family use. Ten o'clock had passed, ere he returned. My quick eye detected an unsteadiness in his step as he entered, and his whole appearance betrayed the effect of his deadly enemy. I passed a sleepless night—my couch was literally wet with tears—in the agony of my heart, I wished that I had never been born.

My husband's descent was fearfully rapid. Within a few weeks he was seen lying at midday in the streets, absolutely helpless, the sport of unfeeling boys. He lost his situation and was again deserted by all of his friends. In vain I reasoned with him. So powerful had his thirst for liquor become, that for me to attempt to speak to him, was sufficient to draw upon me the most bitter imprecations; yet more, upon my knees, I imploringly besought him to renounce a habit which would forever ruin both soul and body. I called also upon the run-selling professors and upon several other persons, two of whom were the select men of the village, and entreated them not to sell him liquor. I pleaded with them, with all the eloquence that a wretched and neglected wife could command. I told them of my early history—of my once peaceful fireside—of the deadly blight which had come over it—of the many sleepless nights and troubled days I had experienced—of the many, many tears I had shed—of the cold neglect and harsh treatment of a once kind, and still tenderly beloved husband. And what think you, gentle reader, were the feeling answers I received to my appeal? The answer of the wealthy run-selling Christian was, "I have a family to provide for, and must take care of them;" and then, when I mentioned his ability to support his family without selling rum to my husband, his answer was, "If I don't sell him rum, where will?" This was the heartless plea of all I called upon. Some of them, I must say, were, however, so conscientious, that they said they would not sell to him when he was drunk; but if he came to their store perfectly sober, and called for liquor, he should have it. Many times did I call upon these individuals, and attempt to state my tale of woe, and describe my feelings. The world, in its pride and loftiness, has a but little for the sufferings of a drunkard's wife. She is compelled to bear in silence and neglect all the ills which a man, maddened by an unnatural thirst for stimulating drink, can inflict. I well remember one night when my husband came home more deeply intoxicated than usual. He had been fighting with some one of his companions, and had been badly bruised. My tears fell fast as I bound up a severe wound on his head. A few of them fell upon his hand. He looked me up in the face, and sternly commanded me to stop my tears. I bent upon my knees before him to supplicate his mercy and forgiveness. Oh, that blow, that blow! It fell with a fearful force upon my defenceless head.

Nearly four years have since passed, and I am now the tenant of a poor house. My husband is still alive, they say, a wretched wanderer on the face of the earth; and my two boys have become the most abandoned sailors in the navy. I am a wife and mother; and have still all of a wife's and mother's solicitude for the objects once so dear, and still so tenderly loved. But ah! why do I weep? There are many wretched widows and many miserable wives, in this poor-house with me, who have been sent here by the intemperance of their husbands; there are many hearts here broken with anguish, and rendered desolate with sorrow; and often in the still hour of night have I heard a deep and convulsive sigh, and then the mention of a name dear to the heart of some of my wretched companions.

Christian fathers and mothers, have you followed me through the pages of my short but painful history? What think you of the sufferings of a drunkard's wife? Oh! could you feel, but for one moment, the pang of keen and piercing anguish which follows them night and day. Could you look, but once, into their care-worn and desolate hearts, you would read there a deadlier picture of the evil effects of intemperance than any pen can draw. You would not, you could not, hesitate to lend every influence you possess, in favor of the temperance cause. The very happiness and peace of your domestic fireside demands it of you. How do you know but that these precious young immortals, now sporting upon your knees, may yet become the wretched and deluded victims of this insatiable monster? Your influence and your example, with, in a great measure, decide this question. You must abide by the light which your own fire may kindle.

Young men and maidens: You are now in the hey day of youthful sports and gay indulgences; glisten for a moment to one who was once the gayest and happiest of you all. I conjure you, for the sake of all you hold sacred in this life, and all that is valuable in eternity, to banish from your presence, henceforth and forever, the intoxicating glass. Your hearts are now light and unaffected by the blighting, withering curse of intemperance; so was mine. Your prospects for many future years of happiness, are now replete with promise; so was mine. The morning of your life is now bright and unclouded; so was mine. All that is gay in youthful hope—alt that is bright in youthful imaginings. The world with

"Its sunny smiles, and laughing skies," is now before you. And yet believe me, all these prospects, so bright and so beautiful,

cannot save you from a dark and a troubled destiny like mine. The world is a cold and hollow hearted one, after all. You will often meet in those who, under the plea of friendship, will set before you the sparkling inciting glass. If you would seal your character for this world, and your destiny for eternity—drink—bunk. Believe me, your summer's sun will go down at noon in darkness and desolation.

Drink-sellers! Have you hearts? Readers, whoever you are, and whatever you may be, my blessing be upon you. Written as this appeal is, in the midst of bodily pain and under circumstances so full of anguish, I hope it will find its way to your heart, and exert a salutary influence upon your future character. Farewell.

BOOKS.

A new assortment of books just received and for sale by J. Elizabeth Jones, among which are

Douglas' Narrative, in muslin,	40 cts
" " in paper, with-	25 "
out portrait,	
Archie Moore, handsomely bound,	40 "
Despotism in America,	37 1/2 "
Branded Hand,	37 "
Christian Non-resistance,	35 "

Also, a variety of pamphlets, including the Slaveholders Religion, Brotherhood of Thieves, Disunion, &c. The Liberty Cap for children—price 3 cents. Steps to the Death Penalty, by C. C. Burleigh—25 cents each.

GLOBE MANUFACTORY.

The undersigned, having commenced the manufacture of School Apparatus in this place, beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they intend keeping constantly on hand a good assortment of

GLOBES, TELURIANS,

Lunariums, Orretries, Arithmometers, Pentagons, &c., &c., intended for schools or families. All of which they will sell, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices.

Orders from a distance will meet prompt attention.

School teachers and friends of education, please give us a call.

HUNT, MARSHALL & HAMBLETON.

Salem, O., October, 1846.

OUR MOTTO IS

"THE READY JAY."

AND OUR BUSINESS IS TO BUY AND SELL

HARDWARE AND DRUGS

As Low as Possible.—Carpenters, Builders, Farmers, Carriage and Chair Makers, Painters, Cabinet and Harness Makers, Millwrights, and Mechanics generally, will find such articles among our assortment as will suit their separate purposes.

PHYSICIANS

who prescribe for others, and

FAMILIES

who prescribe for themselves may all times find a general assortment of

DRUGS AND BOTANIC MEDICINES at

CHESSMAN & WRIGHTS.

Salem, O., March 23d.

WANTED,

20000 lbs. Cheese.
8000 lbs. Butter, for which part cash will be paid—a fair price.

HEATON & IRISH.

Sept. 1st, 1846.

JUST RECEIVED

FROM CINCINNATI,

100 lbs. Leaf Sugar.
1000 lbs. N. O. Sugar.
3 barrels Molasses.
2 boxes Starline Candles.
1 b x Sweet Spiced Chocolate.
1 box Sup. Cin. Starch.
1 box Soap.

And for Sale low by

HEATON & IRISH.

Sept. 1st, 1846.

FISH.

Constantly on hand White Fish & Mackarel, by

HEATON & IRISH.

Sept. 1st, 1846.

C. DONALDSON & CO.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS
Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.

No. 18 MAIN ST. CINCINNATI.

July 17, '46.

2 Barrels of Flaxseed Oil for sale by

HEATON & IRISH.

Sept. 1st, 1846.

AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE."

Ohio.—New Garden—David L. Galbreath h Columbus—Lot Holmes. Cool Springs—Columbus—Lot